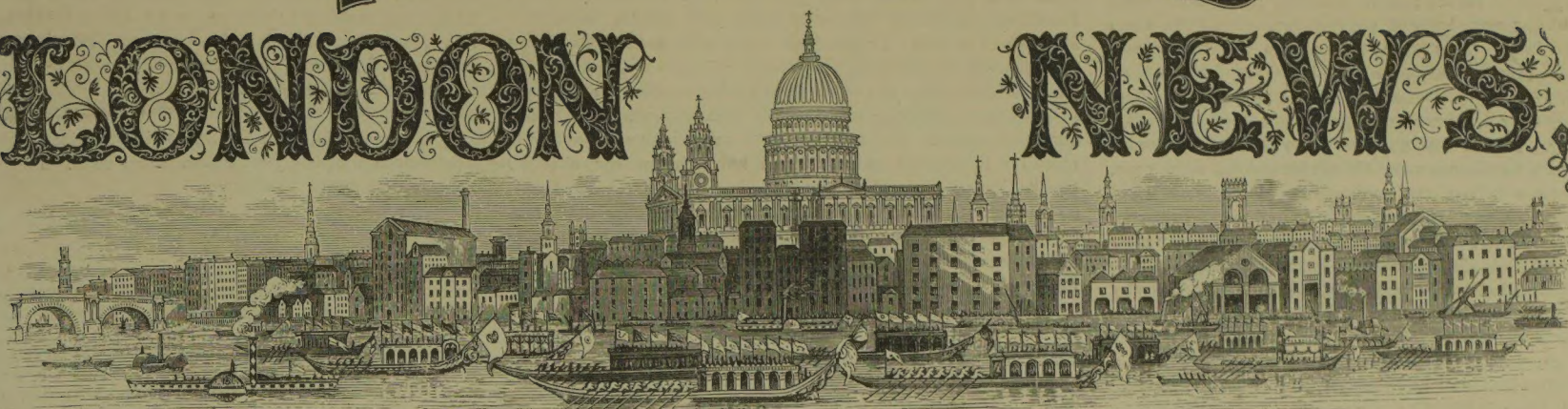


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

No. 2731.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

THIRTY-SIX · SIXPENCE.
PAGES) By Post, 6^d.



FESTIVAL OF SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF BERNE: PROCESSION TO THE CATHEDRAL.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The ludicrously late hours at which "smart" people now dine, and which would-be smart people emulate, have never been exceeded; but the mere hour of going to bed, among the same class, has been later. This partly arises from the time necessary to unbuild the vast edifice which ladies of fashion once wore on their heads, but it was also held to be a sign of good birth (a thing very different from good breeding) to be late for everything. It was the mode to go to Ranelagh, Horace Walpole tells us, two hours after the performances were over. "The music ends at ten, the company go at twelve." Lord Derby's cook gave him warning because he had to serve suppers at two in the morning. He said they were killing him. "How much," inquired his lordship, practical but unsympathetic, "do you ask for your life?" Walpole asked a new housemaid why she left her last mistress, the wife of the Bishop of Worcester. "Because she never went to bed till four in the morning." "But surely she does not game so late as that?" "No, Sir, but it takes three maids to undress her." It seems a mistake to suppose that people of fashion are more foolish than they used to be.

A country vicar's wife has excited indignation in some of "our correspondents" for offering at a cottage show a prize for "the best baby." But surely if the cultivation of flowers and vegetables is worthy of encouragement, much more is that of the harmless necessary infant. So far as I know, there is no such thing as a good baby; the doctrine of the Church forbids us to believe it, and all personal experience is against it. When Mr. Samuel Weller was asked whether a certain infant was a "nice" baby, even his proverbial good nature could induce him to go no further in the way of eulogy than to say it was "not a particularly nasty one." He spoke as a man; for we have often seen women worshipping at the shrine of a baby which did not appear to us to possess even this moderate merit. But some babies are, no doubt, better than others, and the vicar's wife's prize was, doubtless, intended not for a perfect infant but for the one that most nearly approached perfection—the "best baby" there was to be had. A show entirely confined to babies is not, indeed, an edifying spectacle. I once attended one at a public tea-garden—though not as an exhibitor—and shall not easily forget it: but here a baby and there a baby, among cabbages and cabbage roses, must give life and colour and sound—"great cry and little wool"—to every cottager's show.

When the holidays shall be over there is still a treat in store for us. "The queen of American dialect reciters" is advertised to visit London, where "she will introduce a novelty in the way of five-minute recitals, between the courses at dinner." This is not a satire upon the long "waits" that sometimes take place at heavy dinners, which naturally move slowly, but a serious announcement. There will be no longer those embarrassing pauses when conversation droops and the cook is behindhand; the interval will be delightfully occupied by recitals in the American dialect. There will, however, have to be a distinct understanding between the queen of dialecticians and the *chef* below. It would be very sad if the next course came up before the hero of the Wild West had repented of his shooting propensities and burst into tears at the sight of the baby. There are some people so attached to the pleasures of the table that they would sacrifice any intellectual gratification rather than see a *plat* grow cold; and the clatter of knife and fork is a most unfitting accompaniment to a sentimental narrative. Some persons who give very excellent dinners, in my humble opinion spoil them by cigarette-smoking between the courses; and yet, it seems, they might do worse.

"Is country life still possible?" is the question that is agitating the minds of certain philosophic newspaper correspondents. "One who has had to try it every summer for the last twenty years" replies (rather mournfully) that it is. He can produce several witnesses, his wife, a large family, and "at least three servants" in support of this assertion: they have all tried country life, from early August to late September; some of them like it, and even Paterfamilias himself finds it possible. This is not high praise; it almost reminds one of the aspiration of Dr. Johnson in connection with the execution of that piece of music which he was informed was so very difficult: "I would, Madam, that it were impossible." But the fact is that a man who only goes into the country for a limited season, even though it be the best season, never learns how to live in it. To do this, you must, in the first place, be able to deceive yourself, and as many others as practicable, about the weather. The country would be intolerable as a dwelling-place if you believed the weather to be so bad as it really is. What strikes every visitor on arriving in a rural neighbourhood is what stories the people tell about this matter. Country persons are accused of a want of imagination, but the real fact is that they employ that portion of the human mind in inventing fine weather. Their first remark in the morning, if the sun is shining, is, "What a beautiful day!" This of itself should rouse suspicion. If they were used to such an event, it would hardly evoke comment. If it is pouring hard, which happens in an hour or so, they exclaim, "We shall have a lovely afternoon!" a monstrous prophecy, in which no man not demoralised by agriculture, or horse exercise, would venture to indulge. After a year or two, however, there is nothing comes so easy to the country resident as—well, this pretended confidence in the weather. He keeps a barometer in his hall, which (so to speak) "doesn't go." It is manufactured specially for the country market, so that, when violently struck, the arrow turns to "set fair." It is, perhaps, from this ancient form of scientific instrument that we get the expression to "promise fair"—which means lying.

When it is wet in the country, all is over (*except the rain*); there are no clubs to go to, nor cabs to take you there; you are imprisoned—it is true, without hard labour, a first-class misdemeanant—and you can't get people to come and play whist with you for love or money. It is therefore absolutely necessary that you should believe it is going to be fine. People from town who are staying with friends in the country at this season are too apt to set them down as hypocrites or (at the best) false prophets, as regards this weather question; but they do not understand the necessity of the case. To reconcile such behaviour with absolute morality is impossible; but if I have shown the extreme temptation on the part of our hosts to deviate from the truth, and caused them to be regarded with a more charitable eye, these few words will not have been written in vain. The habit becomes constitutional—like swearing—with country residents, and they really don't know when they are telling tarrydiddles upon this subject. On one occasion when I had been staying in a country-house for seven days—all wet ones—more town visitors arrived, and I heard my innocent (looking) and gracious hostess express her hope that "they had not brought bad weather with them." "But have you had good weather?" inquired the new comers. "Beautiful! lovely!" My hair stood on end as I listened to her. "And I believe it's going to last too, for our barometer" (and this *was* true) "is ever so high."

The last company "promoted" in Paris "takes the cake" for simplicity and intelligence. It might be called, but its modesty prefers the anonymous, the Accident Security Association; for it not only insures its members against the financial loss involved in accidents, but against the accidents themselves—a counsel of perfection never before arrived at. It chiefly concerns itself with the dangers of street traffic. The programme is as usual. A passenger is run over through the unskillfulness of an omnibus-driver; a policeman testifies to the accident; a doctor attends to the victim, and certifies to the serious character of his injuries; and the omnibus company pays compensation. All this is commonplace enough; the happy peculiarity of the case is that nobody is hurt except the omnibus company, who doesn't know it. Nobody in reality has been run over. The driver, the policeman, and the doctor are the Accident Security Association. All they have to do is to exercise their imagination. It is like a coroner's inquest with nobody to sit upon, but which, nevertheless, sits. A more admirable example of "assurance" cannot be conceived. The returns have been very large, but the association has at last got into trouble for obtaining money under false pretences. No little jealousy, it is said, has been excited in City circles because this ingenious commercial scheme was not originated in London.

"The verdict of posterity," as respects living authors, has of late been objected to on the frivolous ground that nobody knows what it will be. Even the critics, it is urged, who are cocksure of everything, and are constantly quoting the verdict, cannot possibly be certain of the matter, and anyhow, to judge by analogy, it can't be worth much; for the same critics are all agreed that the modern taste is as far inferior to that of our forefathers as living authors are to dead ones, and, by parity of reasoning, the opinions of the next and more modern generation must be less valuable even than ours, and its authors still more contemptible. An argument, however, that cannot be confuted—even if it be but a poor one—is not to be lightly parted with, and, as long as there remains a generation to come, its views will probably be foreseen and invoked. Moreover, considering that this prophecy has been made in every literary epoch, and almost always without fulfilment, it is creditable to the perseverance, if not to the sagacity, of the human mind. For my part, I resent exceedingly the idea of relinquishing the pleasure of predicting of a popular author that posterity will have none of him—a reflection almost as agreeable as the thought of future punishment for an heretical adversary is to the theologian.

It is stated that the "amateur" at golf has so many more opportunities of practising the game than the "professional" that he is the better player. Golf is admitted to be a peculiar game, and it must be so indeed if this statement is correct. For my own part, I do not believe in the amateur in anything. Of course there are excellent gentlemen riders and first-rate aristocratic shots. But, if the truth were known, I think the jockeys and the gamekeepers are their superiors. I say "known," because there are reasons why the fact should be concealed: he would be a foolish groom, indeed, who proved he had a better seat than his employer; and a mere duffer of a gamekeeper who should wipe his master's eye. We know what amateur authors and amateur artists can do, and it is not very much when compared with the work of the professionals. In cricket, indeed, the other side may be thought to score; but in that calling the two classes are rather mixed. I don't suppose anybody would back the amateur billiard-player—however he may astonish his club—against Roberts and Co. No, I don't believe this story about golf. It is a Scotch game, and the Scotch are very "canny."

"Mea Culpa; or, A Woman's Last Word," is a striking novel, and reads almost like the personal experience which it pretends to but cannot be. Armidis is quite a creation, and so indeed is Prince Leonticoff, though after quite another fashion. Except Legree in Mrs. Stowe's story, I know of no greater brute in fiction. It is altogether the sort of book one remembers, though, it must be confessed, not altogether to edification. But the hero is weak-kneed. Having first saved the prince's life, not knowing who he was, leaving him thereby to pursue his abominable cruelties, he very properly—as morals go in this sort of narrative—calls him out and shoots him; he can make no other amends to the world at large, and the unhappy princess in particular. Yet after he has done

it, both he and Armidis (otherwise a most sensible fellow) become most unnaturally sentimental. Having rid the earth of a monster, he falls into a maudering state, for which he can find no remedy but suicide. It is as if some highly respectable householder should never get over the misfortune of having to shoot a burglar, or an African explorer nourish a tender regret for having been compelled to polish off a gorilla. It would be ultra-sensitiveness in any case, but occurring, as it does, in a society which sticks at nothing, the effect is grotesque. The "artistic temperament" of the hero may have something to do with it, but the impression it leaves upon one is that the young man was a muff. For all that, the book is well worth reading.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen paid a visit to Portsmouth on Aug. 12, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by a full suite. Her Majesty embarked on board the *Alberta* at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, at four o'clock, and the yacht proceeded direct to the South Railway jetty in Portsmouth Harbour, whence the royal party drove in open carriages to Government House, where they drank tea with the Duke of Connaught and his children, after which the Queen planted a tree in the grounds. The royal yacht left for East Cowes at half past six, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, who had arrived from London while the Queen was at Government House. The Queen is to arrive at Balmoral on Aug. 25. Her Majesty intends to stay in Scotland, according to present arrangements, until Nov. 20, when the Court will remove to Windsor Castle. Her Majesty has intimated her intention of attending the Braemar Gathering, which is to be held on Thursday, Sept. 3.

The Prince of Wales arrived on Aug. 17 at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. In the afternoon he attended the race meeting of the Rhenish Race Club on the Frankfort course, and then proceeded to Homburg. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Sandringham, for the winter, on Friday, Oct. 30. H.R.H. is to visit Dublin for a few days in October, probably about the 20th, and the officers of the 10th Hussars intend to give a ball while he is there.

The Irish controversy has been enlivened by another bitter speech by Mr. Parnell, in which, while amiably suggesting that Mr. Dillon had applied to him for £1000 to save him from eviction, he declares that Mr. Morley knew that the verdict in the divorce case would go against him (Mr. Parnell), and that in spite of this the English statesman urged him to remain in the leadership. To this Mr. Morley has replied in a very specific letter, declaring that Mr. Parnell's language to him led him to believe that the verdict would be in favour of the Irish leader, and that he then expressed a hope that nothing would occur at the trial which would make it necessary for him to retire. Mr. McCarthy, we understand, also denies that he gave Mr. Parnell no intimation of Mr. Gladstone's wishes previous to the meeting of the Irish Party at the House of Commons which affirmed Mr. Parnell's position. Meanwhile, the shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal* have summoned a meeting in order to bring about a change of policy, and the weekly issue of that paper has already abandoned Mr. Parnell's cause.

The Congress of Hygiene and Demography closed on Monday, Aug. 17, with an address by Sir Douglas Galton, who attributed much of the social success of the congress to the personal interest which the Prince of Wales had shown in its proceedings. He contrasted our own hygiene with that of the Continent, admitting that the former showed superior results on the theoretic side, because the practice of vivisection permitted a freer examination of the living tissue than was possible here. As to the Prince of Wales's question why, if disease were preventible, it was not prevented, Sir Douglas maintained that a good deal of the fault was due to careless individuals who would take no trouble either to observe or to enforce sanitary law. It was decided that the congress should meet next year at Budapest, and the meeting was rounded off with votes of thanks—proposed by the foreign representatives—to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other persons to whom the congress has been indebted.

The French fleet, or rather the French squadron of the North, under the command of Admiral Gervais, arrived at Portsmouth on Aug. 19, and met with a very warm and brilliant reception. There were six vessels in all, and two torpedo-boats, which passed Dover on the previous afternoon. Their arrival had been heralded by the training-ship *Bougainville*, with cadets on board, who paid a visit to the Naval Exhibition and returned full of enthusiasm over what they had seen. The Portsmouth municipality is showing the most elaborate hospitality, and a series of brilliant entertainments has been organised.

The great patriotic and musical gathering known as the Welsh National Eisteddfod was opened on Aug. 19 under the presidency of the Mayor of Swansea, Sir John Llewelyn. Unhappily, the opening ceremonies were marred by an accident, arising from the fall of the canvas roof of a pavilion in Victoria Park during a trio competition. A fierce storm of wind and rain arose and tore down the roof, which fell with great force, and dragged one of the cross-beam supports with it. There was a wild panic, and in the rush for the doors a woman sustained a fracture of the skull, and died. The musical competitions reached, as usual, a high standard. The president at the most important gathering this year will be Prince Henry of Battenberg, who acts as a substitute for Mr. Stanley, not yet recovered from the effects of his accident abroad.

County cricket has of late been more than usually exciting owing to the double defeat of Surrey, the champion and hitherto undefeated county, at the hands of Somersetshire and Middlesex. Somerset's victory is the more striking, inasmuch as she was only admitted this year into the rank of first-class counties. The match was an exciting one, Surrey making a desperate effort to play out time. She failed, however, by one minute, Sharpe's wicket falling to a ball of Mr. Woods' when just sixty seconds remained for play. Somerset, therefore, won by 130 runs. This disaster, however, was almost trifling compared with the crushing defeat which Surrey sustained on Aug. 18 at the hands of her old rival, Middlesex—a result largely due to her misfortune in losing the toss. This gave Middlesex the opportunity of batting on a dry wicket. She made the best of her chance, and on the following day's play Surrey had to go in on the cricketer's aversion, a fast-drying wicket. The result was that she had to follow on, and in her second innings her eleven were dismissed for sixty-two runs, leaving Middlesex victors by an innings and twenty runs. This does not, of course, affect Surrey's position as champion, but it very much affects her prestige.

MR. LOWELL IN LONDON.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

Recently, no doubt, there has been much reading of "The Biglow Papers," a little dalliance, rather of curiosity than enthusiasm, with "Under the Willows," and perhaps a somewhat more serious courtship of (among others no less winning) a certain delightful volume of essays entitled "My Study Windows." To most people, probably, the first and not the last of these has seemed to derive the greater flavour from the ironic contrast between the earlier and the later relations of the author to that England which now so sincerely mourns his loss. Yet to me I confess it has always seemed that Hosea Biglow's complete reconciliation with his English cousins was in its way less remarkable than the perfect understanding which so promptly and happily established itself between us and the author of the essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," which finds a place in the volume which I have last named. It is not that there was any lack of dignity in Mr. Lowell's protest against European patronage. He was far too much of an artist, a gentleman, and a man of the world to expose himself to criticism on that score. The essay is irreproachable in point of taste as of literary style. The appropriate tone of good-humoured railery is maintained throughout. Nevertheless, it was quite impossible not to see that, while the manner of the remonstrance was, for personal and artistic reasons, kept consistently playful, the feeling which inspired it was wholly serious.

That it was still surviving at the time when he entered upon his diplomatic duties, one can hardly doubt. One sufficiently acute observer, Mr. Gosse, deposes to having detected traces of it in Mr. Lowell's earlier utterances in this country, and his observations could, I dare say, be confirmed by others. But it was assuredly of no long endurance, and it says much for the inbred geniality, simplicity, and graciousness of Mr. Lowell's character that it was not. No man who respects himself can be patronised against his will, and it was not very likely that any Englishman worth considering would have tried the experiment on our distinguished guest, or even upon his country—which as an abstraction would impose less respect on the presumptuous—in his person, or, at any rate, in his presence. But not every man who enters a new society, apprehensive of attempts to patronise his nation or himself, and armed to rebuke them, finds himself so speedily at home with his hosts as Mr. Lowell. Too many men so situated would be apt to stand too much upon their dignity to give their amiability free play, and would take refuge in that kind of reserve which repels friendship no less effectually than it commands respect. If the new Minister ever thought of fortifying himself behind a glacial barrier of this kind, he must have found the temperature within and without him unsuited to its material. It must have thawed very rapidly indeed; for it is certain that from a very early period of his residence among us warmth began to radiate from both sides, and the most attractive qualities of guest and host were freely brought to bear on each other.

The only danger of misunderstanding thus removed—and though it may never have been a serious one, it will be admitted, I think, to have been a matter of more or less plausible apprehension—Mr. Lowell's acceptance in English society of all descriptions was, of course, assured. Few men of our time have been endowed with so fine a combination of the gifts which commend their successor to both those social circles which claim, on diverse grounds, to be "the best"—the circle of rank, fashion, and political influence, and that of culture. It is easy for an ambassador with far less than Mr. Lowell's charm of manner to make himself agreeable to the drawing-room: but, nowadays, when it is the proper thing for that apartment almost to apologise for not being the library, the welcome extended to this eminent man of letters would, of course, be especially warm. It was of an equal and more intelligent ardour in the library itself—in that society which not only wishes to be thought literary, but is so. The American Minister was in like demand in both worlds: he mingled freely and continually with both, and both he frankly enjoyed. Those who really knew and admired his writings sought his companionship as eagerly—and that is a great thing to say—as those who were only acquainted with their names. Men who could have quoted many more passages from his works than "Don't never prophesy unless you know" and "A merciful Providence fashioned them holler, in order that they might their principles swaller" were as glad to meet him as if they had never read anything else that he had written. It would be flattery to say that his conversation had the interest and distinction of his writings, but it was full of savour and character. Without aiming at brilliancy—though he was prompt and ready in discussion and retort—it was conversation of a genuinely excellent kind: the talk of a well-read man who wears his learning lightly, of one who knew men as well as books, of an enthusiastic yet judicious lover of literature, of a critic at once subtle, generous, and sane. It would however, be doing injustice to his deeper qualities not to admit that his manifold and varied accomplishments were not the secret of the affectionate regard in which he was held among us. Many a man of gifts as brilliant might have come and sojourned and made friends and departed without having won his way like Mr. Lowell to the English heart. He owed that conquest to a lofty purity of character, a serious sweetness of temperament, and a combined gentleness and dignity of nature which made their presence felt, even on the briefest acquaintance, by all who met him.

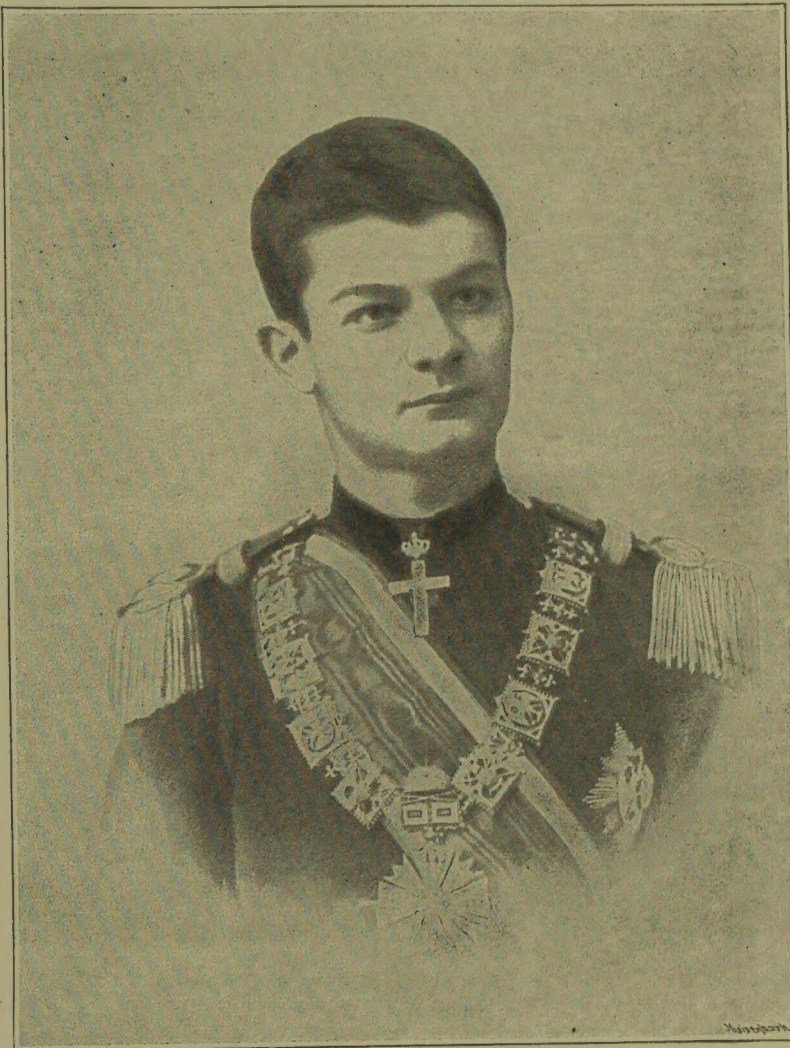
"The only sure way of bringing about a healthy relation between the two countries is for Englishmen to clear their minds of the notion that we are always to be treated as a kind

of inferior and deported Englishman, whose nature they perfectly understand and whose back they accordingly stroke the wrong way of the fur with amazing perseverance. Let them learn to treat us naturally on our merits as human beings, as they would a German or a Frenchman, and not as if we were a kind of counterfeit Briton, whose crime appeared in every shade of difference, and before long there would come that right feeling which we naturally call a good understanding." So wrote Mr. Lowell in the early seventies, some nine years or so before he came among us to try whether we had unlearned our offensive habit of condescension. It may fairly be presumed that we have. We have better evidence of it than the mere fact that we took to him immensely: though even that would seem to show that we have acquired the art of "lionising" skilfully, and that, so far as individual Americans of distinction are concerned, we no longer "stroke the wrong way of the fur." But Mr. Lowell was far too patriotic a citizen to have accepted attentions to himself as a substitute for propriety of behaviour on our own part to his country. He must surely have come to the conclusion that we had at last begun to treat the American people "naturally on their merits as human beings," and not as "a kind of counterfeit Briton." Or is it that the "condescension" was always to some considerable extent a creature of Mr. Lowell's imagination? Such misunderstandings have been known to occur between an old family and a new one.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE YOUNG KING OF SERVIA.

The rapid movements of royal personages visiting one European Court after another have a meteoric effect in the modern world's atmosphere at this time of the year. Kings and



THE YOUNG KING ALEXANDER OF SERVIA.

emperors, whenever they can escape from their own realms, flit here and there with remarkable vivacity; William II. of Germany is a noted example. Young Alexander Obrenovitch, his Servian Majesty, has within a month, or little more, been sojourning at St. Petersburg and Moscow, at Vienna, at Munich (where he was joined by his father, the ex-King Milan), and at Paris, where the President of the French Republic showed him due attention. As a boy just turned fifteen, whose childhood for several years past has been deprived of the natural benefits of united parental care and kindness by the dispute between his father and mother, King Alexander demands our sympathy. It was very hard upon him to compel him, against feelings of real affection, to write in a harsh and peremptory tone to Queen Natalie, whose maternal fondness was genuine, and likely to be returned by her child. Since then, he has been committed to the care of Court officials, military men, and other tutors, without companions of his own age; he speaks French well, but his education generally is said to be rather backward. He is tall, with a slim upright figure, round head, and sparkling eyes like those of his mother, but has a pleasant smile and is polite in his manners. Three years must pass before he can actually rule the Servian Kingdom.

THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Following, within a fortnight, the sexcentenary national festival of the Swiss Confederation, which commemorated the first League of the Forest Cantons, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, in 1291, to defend their liberties against the encroaching domination of Austrian feudal lords, an entirely distinct political celebration of events belonging to a different historical tradition has taken place in the city of Berne. Though

now the official capital of the Federal Republic of Switzerland, and that of the most populous and wealthy of the Cantons, Berne did not join the Confederation until 1353. This Canton long preserved an aristocratic territorial constitution, while the city republic was an oligarchy of rich burgher families, more resembling Venice than the simple community of peasant freeholders who began the Swiss struggle for national independence. Berne, at the period of the French Revolution, had as little sympathy with democratic ideas as any country in Europe. It has in all ages loyally maintained the common cause of Switzerland against foreign aggression, being directly exposed in the fourteenth century to invasion by the Duke of Burgundy. It has never interfered with the domestic freedom of other Cantons; but its traditions, laws, and social character were so rigid and peculiar in the last century as to forbid a more intimate union. The same kind of influences affected other western Cantons, such as Vaud and Geneva, the last mentioned not being joined to the Confederation until 1814. It required, perhaps, the shock and pressure of Napoleon's conquests, as well as the development of popular principles in countries adjacent to France, to prepare the diverse parts of Switzerland for a more complete and harmonious combination, which has finally taken shape in our times.

The antiquity of Berne as a free city yields only to that of Florence and other Italian civic republics of the Middle Ages. It was founded in 1191, under the patronage of Duke Berthold V. of Zähringen, and thrived by its own trade and industry, like Basle and Zürich; the majority of the Swiss people being nowise simple mountaineers, but townsmen of the plains, employed in manufactures and commerce. The historical incidents represented in the grand pageant of Saturday, Aug. 15, and repeated on Sunday, were the founding of the city; the victory of its citizens at Laupin, in 1339, over the neighbouring feudal potentates, aided by Louis of Bavaria; the defeat of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at Morat, in 1476; the actions of the Bernese Protestants, co-operating with the followers of Zwingli, in 1528; also, the events of the Thirty Years' War in which Switzerland took part; the conflicts with French invaders in 1798, when Berne was conquered for a time; finally, the restoration of Swiss independence in 1814, displayed by an artistic triumphal scene, in which two female figures, personifications respectively of Berne and Helvetia, met and embraced each other, attended by twenty-two maidens, as many pages, and the same number of old Swiss warriors, in proper costume, bearing the shields and flags of the twenty-two Cantons. William Tell and the three heroes of the League of Rütli, on the shores of Lake Uri, stood looking on at this consummation of patriotic efforts; and nearly a thousand persons appeared on the stage, which was erected, with scenery imitating the walls of a castle, in the open air, in a field on the banks of the Aar, and in view of the distant Alps of the Bernese Oberland. The weather was fine, and more than 15,000 spectators assembled, with the Federal and Cantonal authorities. Dramatic dialogues in German verse, composed by the Rev. Dr. Weber, and choral songs, composed by Karl Munzinger, with good vocalists and orchestra for the music, accompanied the tableaux: the choir mustered five hundred voices. This "Festspiel" was only part of the series of proceedings—from Friday, the 14th, to Monday, the 17th—beginning with a procession of official personages and delegates, from the Casino to the Münster, or Cathedral, where the organ was played, hymns sung, and an address delivered by State-Councillor Edmund Von Steiger. There was a procession of 8000 school-children on the 15th through most of the city streets. The great historical costume procession on the 17th was a most interesting and instructive representation, century after century, of the principal heroes in Bernese history and different classes of people in past ages, including knights in full armour on horseback, dukes, counts, and other nobles, with their ladies, municipal dignitaries, burghers, artisans, students and clergy, peasants, miners, boatmen, foresters, and many others. All was designed with good taste, and managed with care and skill. Banquets, illuminations, and other entertainments were to have completed this festival; but its close was saddened by the terrible railway accident that day, six miles from Berne, where a train filled with holiday people was run into, fourteen persons killed, and twenty-six badly hurt. The festivities were cut short, as a sign of public regret for this disaster.

THE BERNE CONGRESS OF GEOGRAPHY.

The scientific congress of students of geography, opened at Berne on Aug. 10, was attended by delegates of forty-seven geographical societies, French, German, Austrian and Hungarian, English, Italian, Russian, American, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish and Norwegian. It was welcomed to the Federal capital of Switzerland by M. Numa Droz, the Swiss Minister for Foreign Affairs. The large hall of the Museum was given up to the meetings, and three floors of the new Federal Palace were occupied by a geographical exhibition. The president of this congress was Dr. Gobat, State Councillor, of Berne. Among the members who contributed to the discussions were several delegates of the Royal Geographical Society of London, Admiral Sir E. Ommanney, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, librarian, Sir George Bowen, Mr. Delmar Morgan, and Dr. R. N. Cust; the last-named gentleman reading a paper on the opening of Africa by Christian missions. Mr. Aquila Stout, of New York, gave an account of the projected Nicaragua Ship Canal. The congress enjoyed a pleasant excursion to the Lake of Thun.



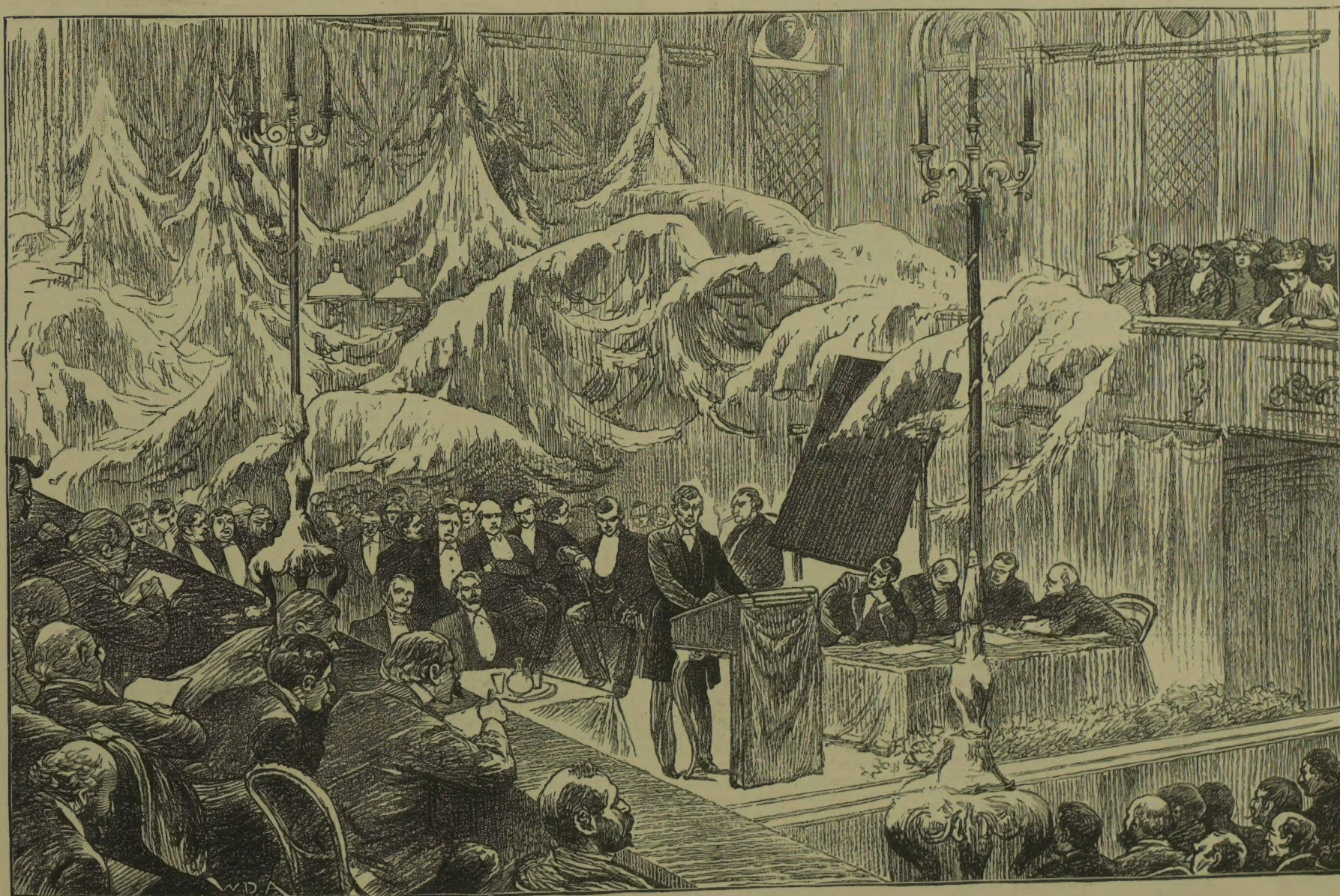
SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF BERNE: COMMEMORATIVE FESTIVAL.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY OF BERNE: PROCESSION OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS AT BERNE: DR. R. CUST, FROM LONDON, SPEAKING OF AFRICA.

PERSONAL.

The members of the Royal Scottish Academy have unanimously elected Mr. George Reid as president, in room of the late Sir William Fettes Douglas. Sir Noel Paton declining, on account of the state of his health, to be put in nomination. Mr. Reid, who is a native of Aberdeen, has been for several years past the leading portrait-painter of Scotland, and the portraits of the Lord Justice General and Lord Moncreiff now hanging in the old Parliament Hall are from his brush. His landscapes also have been greatly admired. As an illustrator of books he is perhaps best known by his sketches in Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh."



MR. GEORGE REID, F.R.S.A.

The Queen and Lord Tennyson have sent messages of sorrow and regret at the death of Mr. Russell Lowell, whose remains were interred on Aug. 14 in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the immediate neighbourhood of Longfellow's tomb. No service was held there or at Elmwood, but Appleton Chapel was crowded at the burial service, which was read by Dr. Phillips Brooks, Bishop-elect, assisted by Dr. William Laurence, Dean of the Episcopal Theological Schools. The pall-bearers were President Eliot, of Harvard, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his brother John, Mr. J. W. Curtis, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. C. P. Branch, Professors Norton, Child, Bartlett, and C. T. Choate.

The foreign delegates of the Congress of Hygiene who went down to Osborne to be presented to the Queen were charmed with the attentions lavished on them by the Prince of Wales, who has throughout been unwearied in his courtesies. They complain, however, with some pathos, that owing to the absence of a translator they were largely unable to follow the proceedings of the congress or to take part in the discussions. They had, therefore, to sit in dumb patience while a great deal of talk went on in a language utterly unknown to them. When their turn came to speak they were also unintelligible to the hearers, and in one instance an eloquent speech in Magyar was delivered to an audience sublimely ignorant of its meaning. The result had a somewhat unfortunate effect on the attentances of the foreign delegates, some of whom at length gave up the task in despair, and devoted themselves mainly to making scientific investigations on their own account in London. Towards the close of the congress the defect was remedied, and a translator called in; but it is a pity that a gathering so socially successful should have had its scientific value somewhat marred by the omission.

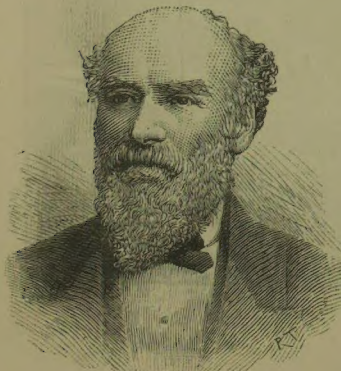
A promising young artist is Miss Louise Rowe, who is now playing at the Savoy the part of Chinna, in "The Nautch Girl," which was formerly taken by Miss Jessie Bond. She has already made her mark in the character both as an actress and a vocalist.

Hartlebury Castle, the residence of the Bishops of Worcester, which Dr. Perowne wishes the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to sell in order that he may occupy a more convenient and less expensive palace, is a large rambling building of considerable antiquity, romantically situated ten miles north of Worcester, at the junction of the Stour and the Severn. The expenses of keeping the building in repair are very heavy, and the revenues of the see have been somewhat heavily mortgaged already for that purpose. The ancient palace of the Bishops of Worcester is now the deanery, a very fine old building close to the cathedral. There seems but little reason why it should not again become the episcopal residence of the diocese.

The Duke of Cleveland, who is lying dangerously ill at his house in St. James's Square, is the youngest of three brothers, all of whom have been Dukes of Cleveland. Their father, the first Duke, was, prior to 1833, when the dukedom was created, third Earl of Darlington and holder of the ancient Barony of Barnard. The present Duke, who is in his eighty-ninth year, will be the last, as there is no heir to the title, though the Barony of Barnard does not necessarily become extinct. His Grace was married in 1854 to Lady Dalmeny, widow of Lord Dalmeny, the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Rosebery, who predeceased his father, and is stepfather to the present popular and talented Lord Rosebery. His Grace is the owner of vast estates, among them being Raby Castle, once the historic seat of the Nevills, in Durham, and Battle Abbey in Sussex.

Mr. R. G. Dunville, who has just given a public park to Belfast at a cost of over £18,000, is well known in connection with a celebrated blend of Irish whisky. He makes one more addition to the long list of Irish brewers and distillers who have been public benefactors on a princely scale. Lord Ardilaun threw open St. Stephen's Green; his brother, Lord Iveagh, is giving new houses to the Dublin poor; Sir Benjamin Guinness, their father, spent £120,000 in restoring St. Patrick's Cathedral; and Mr. Roe, the distiller, an even larger sum in making Christ Church Cathedral worthy of the Irish capital; while Mr. Crawford, the well-known brewer of Cork, presented a capably equipped art school to that city, and endowed Queen's College with a fine library.

Mr. Edward Thomas Holden, the new Gladstonian member for Walsall, who was elected by a majority of 538 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. James, is an alderman of the borough and the head of a very large and well-known firm of curriers. He is a man of great local renown, being a J.P. both for the town and the county, and having twice served as Mayor of Walsall. He is exactly sixty years of age, and entered his father's business when he was nineteen. He married a daughter of Mr. Robert Glass, an Edinburgh merchant. He is the one hundred and twenty-third new member who has entered the House since the election of 1886.



MR. E. T. HOLDEN, M.P.

Admiral Gervais, who is commanding the French fleet, is said in French Governmental circles to be one of the most capable men in administrative as well as in naval France. He boasts of being in personal relation with every one of his officers, and, though a strict disciplinarian, he is very popular with the men. It was owing to Admiral Gervais's intervention that Pierre Loti, the sailor-novelist, was reinstated in the rank in the French navy of which he had been deprived for having written a work in which naval matters had been alluded to, without having first asked leave from headquarters. He is known to hold peculiar views on the duties of soldiers and sailors, and has a strong objection to giving marriage permissions to either officers or men, believing that, like priests, sailors should keep themselves free from all earthly ties. He has never yet been photographed, and has even refused the offer made him by Bonnat of having his portrait painted. Gervais is a *grand officier* of the Légion d'Honneur, and is on intimate terms with President Carnot and his family.

The Institute of Journalists has just held its annual conference in Dublin, under the presidency of Sir Algernon Borthwick, who is entitled to a large share of the honour of creating a now powerful and popular institution. The proprietor of the *Morning Post* is an old guardian of journalists' rights, and no one keeps more regularly in touch with their demands and grievances. Sir Algernon has many functions; his paper is the favourite chronicle of London fashion, with a leaning to Randolphian Conservatism. His wife, Lady Borthwick, holds a famous *salon*; and his intimacy with the late Emperor of the French



SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

and the Empress made a picturesque incident in his own career and in that of the *Morning Post*. He is the son of Mr. Peter Borthwick, once member for Evesham, a position in which his son succeeded him. His wife, a lady of great social talent, is the daughter of Lady Theresa Lewis, the wife of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. Sir Algernon has been proprietor and conductor of the *Post* since 1853. His chief adventure—and a very successful one it proved—was the lowering of the price of his paper from threepence to a penny. He is connected, through his wife, with the great families of the Russells and the Ribblesdales, is one of the Jubilee baronets, and more than any other man, perhaps, deserves the title of the *doyen* of journalism. He is an extremely well-preserved man of sixty-one.

A notable Churchman in his way has just died, in the person of the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, father of the vicar of St. James's, Marylebone. Canon Haweis was eighty-five years of age, and forty years or so ago was well known as the preacher at the Magdalen Hospital and the Temple Church. He was an eloquent preacher as well as a genuinely learned man, whose work, "Sketches of the Reformation," is still a reference-book for scholars. The late Marquis of Westminster was very much impressed with his powers, and offered him the living of St. Michael's, Chester Square, which his health did not allow him to accept. He was afterwards offered a stall in Chichester Cathedral, which he occupied till his death, though his later years were very feeble. He was a brilliant talker, and a man of singularly picturesque appearance, his long white hair crowning a face of singular refinement. Mr. Haweis graduated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was the contemporary of Newman and Pusey, with both of whom he was acquainted.



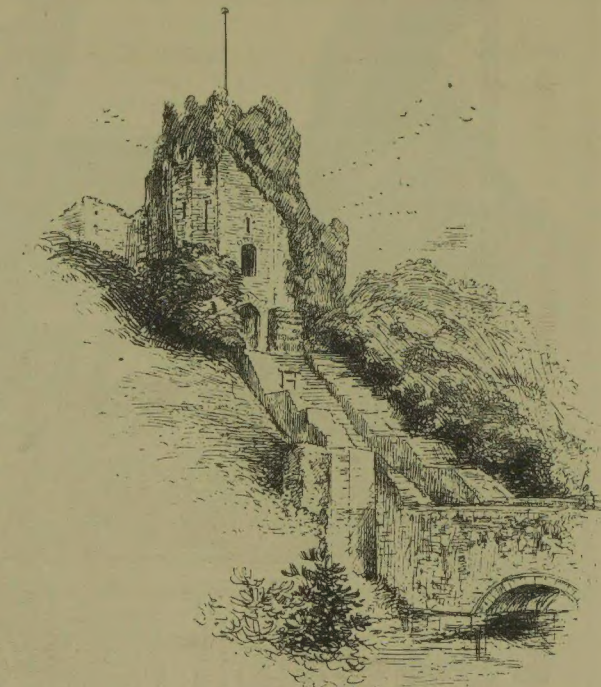
THE LATE VERY REV. G. ELLIOT, D.D.

Friends of the late Dean of Bristol have furnished a good many interesting reminiscences of his long and rather picturesque career. He was supposed to have been the original of Trollope's Dr. Stanhope in "Barchester Towers," but the novelist strongly denied ever having taken him for a subject. As one of the pillars of Evangelicalism, he was well in the line of preferment in the days when Lord Palmerston took his bishops from Lord Shaftesbury, and he was, says the *World*, very near getting the succession to the bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol. The Queen, however, was opposed to the appointment, and it was not made. In the earlier days of his residence at Bristol he preached frequently, and with great effect, his fine presence and carefully prepared and well read sermons attracting great congregations. His great work, however, was the restoration, in conjunction with Canon Norris, of the cathedral. The building of the fine nave and towers was carried out under their directions, at a total cost of over £80,000. Curiously enough, the Dean was involved in a controversy arising out of the erection in the north porch of statues of St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, with appropriate ecclesiastical symbols. The Dean, it appeared, was ignorant of the matter, and finally the statues were removed.

Our Portrait of the late Dean Elliot is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; that of Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street, London; and that of Alderman Holden, M.P., by Mr. J. A. Draycott, New Street, Birmingham.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CARDIFF.

The Congress of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, this year, under the presidency of Dr. W. Huggins, F.R.S., was opened at Cardiff on Wednesday, Aug. 19,

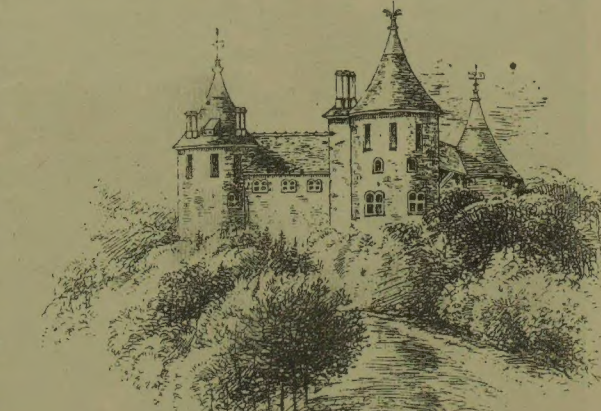


THE KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

with eminent local facilities, among the vice-presidents of the association being the Marquis of Bute, and Lord Windsor, the Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire. Professor H. W. Lloyd Tanner and Mr. R. W. Atkinson were honorary secretaries to the local committee. Excursions were arranged for the Saturday and the following Thursday to many places of interest in the neighbourhood. Cardiff itself is a town where the practical applications of science in the operations of railway and dock constructing, mechanical engineering, coal and iron mining, manufacturing, and shipbuilding, carried on with extraordinary enterprise, have produced wonderful effects. It has a larger export coal trade than any other port, besides the iron trade and that in coke and patent fuel; the Bute Docks, commenced by the late Marquis, enabling Cardiff to be the maritime outlet of all the mineral products in the valley of the river Taff, aided by the Taff Vale Railway and the Rhymney line, in connection with the Great Western and London and North-Western Railways. The East and West Dock, the New Dock, and the Roath Basin have together a water area of 113 acres, and there is a rival dock establishment at Penarth, to the west of Cardiff. Turning from the resort of trading and industrial activity in this busy town, visitors may soon find objects of historical and antiquarian interest. Cardiff Castle, the prison of Robert, Duke of Normandy, in the reign of his brother, King Henry I., now belongs to the Marquis of Bute. The "Keep" of the castle, on an artificial mound 57 ft. high, remains, with a gateway and gatehouse or tower on the south side of the court. Two miles from Cardiff town is what seems the quiet village of Llandaff, which is truly the episcopal see and city of Llandaff, with its beautiful ancient cathedral. The valley of the Taff presents a great deal of picturesque scenery. In the country hereabout stand the ruins of notable baronial castles: that of Caerphilly, ten miles from Cardiff, is one of the most extensive and most elaborate in its plan of fortification. In a romantic pass across the hills, between the sea-coast and the Taff Valley, is Castle Coch, or the "Red Castle," a triangular fort with a round tower at each angle, built of reddish stone, overhanging a precipitous limestone cliff.

Dr. William Huggins, the President of the British Association for 1891, was born in London, in February 1824, and was educated at the City of London School. He early devoted himself to the study of mathematics and of the physical sciences and astronomy; in 1855 he erected an observatory at his residence on Upper Tulse Hill, where, with the aid of powerful instruments, he has, since 1862, extensively applied Kirchhoff's method of chemical analysis of distant bodies, by the prismatic spectrum of their rays of light, to the planets, clusters of stars, nebulae, and comets. These researches, of which he gave an account as Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1869, soon gained him the honorary degrees of all the Universities and membership of the British and foreign learned societies. He was President of the Royal Astronomical Society for two or three years. The Portrait of Dr. Huggins is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street.

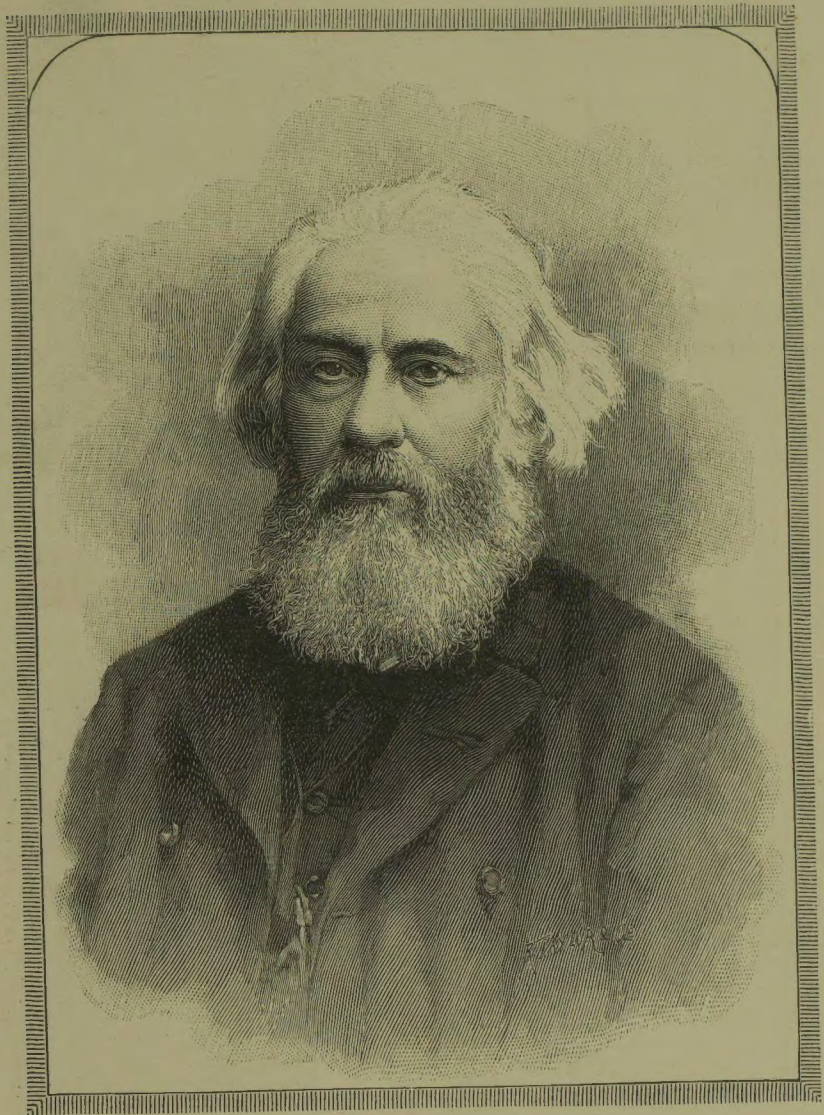
As the Marquis of Bute, with his great local influence, assists this meeting at Cardiff, his lordship's portrait is also given, from a photograph by Mr. Freke, of that town. The Most Noble John Patrick Crichton-Stuart, Bart., K.T., third Marquis, was born in September 1847, and when quite a baby, in 1848, succeeded his father, the late Marquis; during his



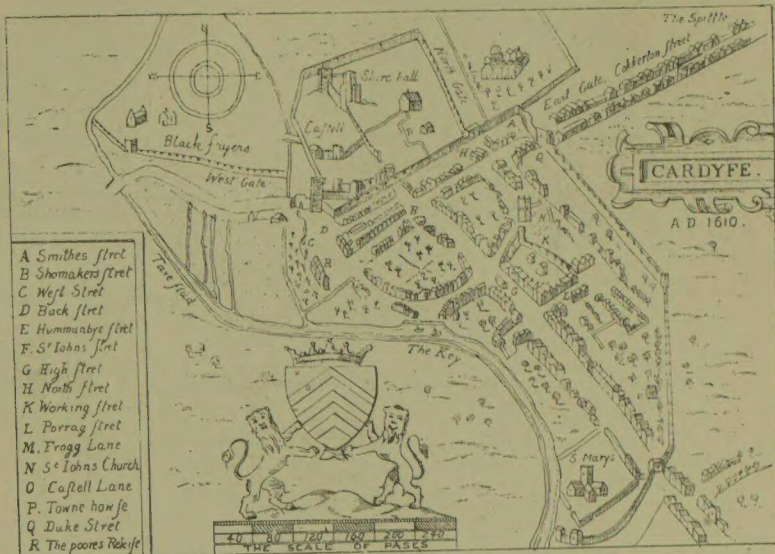
CASTLE COCH, CARDIFF.

long minority, educated at Harrow and at Christ Church College, Oxford, he joined the Roman Catholic Church. In 1872 he married the Hon. Gwendolen Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of the first Lord Howard of Glossop.

CONGRESS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CARDIFF



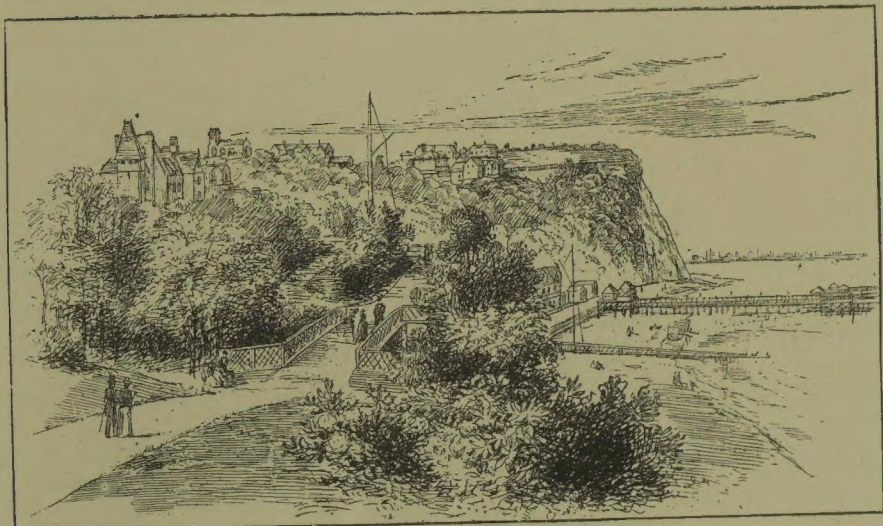
DR. W. HUGGINS, F.R.S.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE AT CARDIFF.



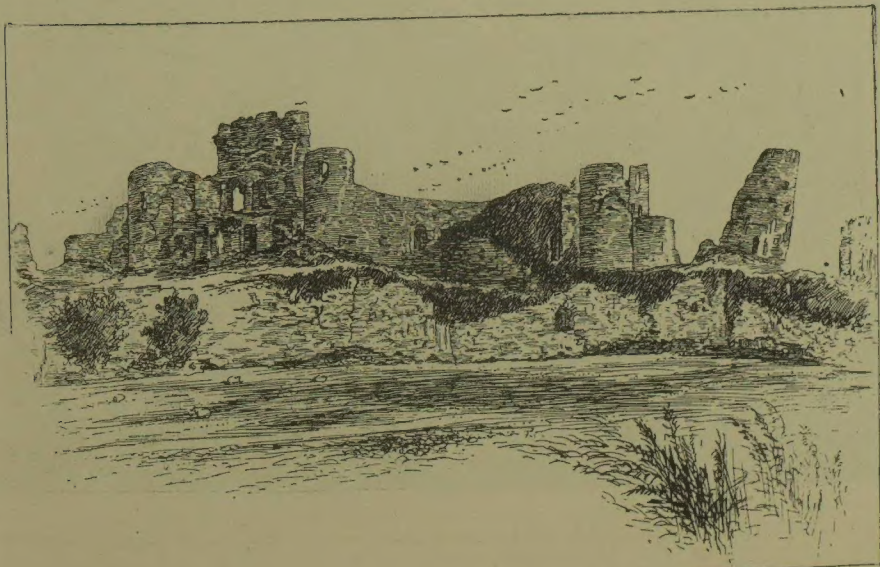
SPEED'S ANCIENT MAP OF CARDIFF IN 1610.



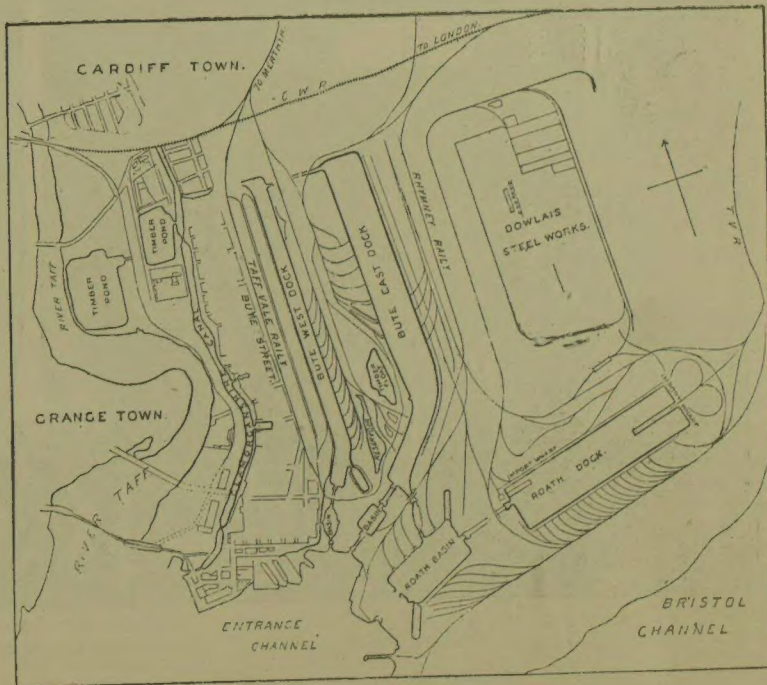
THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, K.T.,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT CARDIFF.



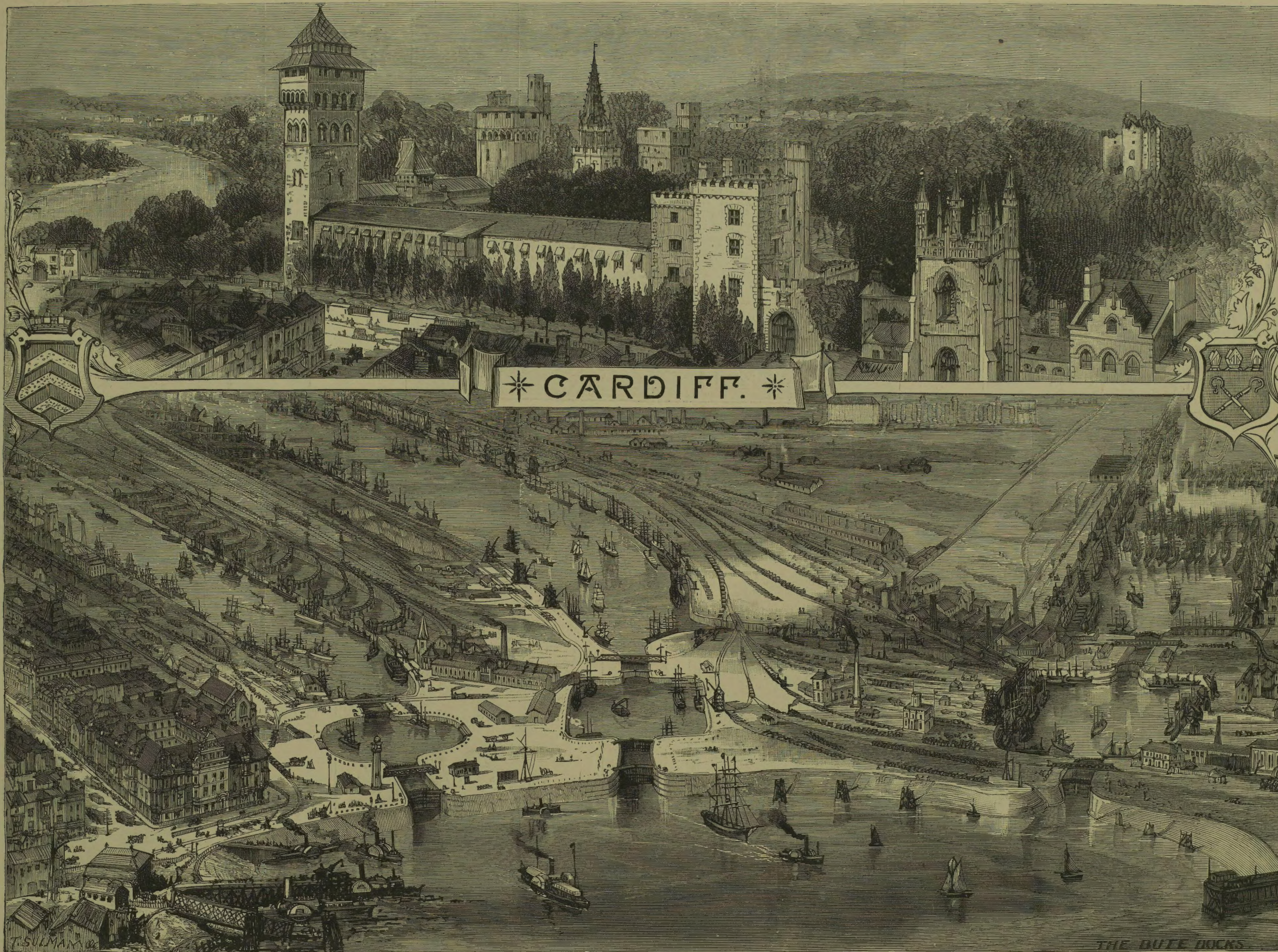
PENARTH.



CAERPHILLY CASTLE.



DUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.





After that, they all recovered their voices and began to thank him out of their blind gratitude, falling to their knees at his feet.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XIII.

OF NAOMI'S GREAT GIFT.

Now, it befell Naomi that with the coming of the gift of hearing the other gifts with which she had been gifted in her deafness, and the strange graces with which she had been graced, seemed suddenly to fall from her as a garment when she disrobed. Thus the grace of laughter appeared at first to be lost to her, and the gift of a glad heart seemed to be gone. No more did she fare forth with naked feet and flit over the hills like a roe. The fields and the orange orchards knew her no longer, and never again did she suffer the wind to play with her uncovered hair. Her face became pale which had been rosy, and a deep hunger of spirit looked out from it. And she who had loved all company in the days of her deafness sat long hours alone in her chamber now that she could hear.

It seemed as though her old sense of touch had become confused by her new sense of hearing. She lost her way in her father's house, and though she could now hear footsteps, never did she appear to know who approached. They led her into the street, into the feddan, into the walled lane to the great gate, into the steep arcades leading to the Kasba; and no more as of old did she thread her way through the people, seeming to see them through the flesh of her face and to salute them with the laugh on her lips, but only followed on and on with helpless footsteps. They took her to the hill above the battery,

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the same that she had loved to climb with her goat going before her, and quick came her breath as she trod the familiar ways; but when she was come to the summit no longer did she exult in her lofty place and drink new life from the rush of mighty winds about her, but only quaked like a child in terror as she faced the world unseen beneath and hearkened to the voices rising out of it, and heard the breeze that had once laved her cheeks now screaming in her ears. They gave Ali's harp into her hands, the same that she had played so strangely at the Kasba on the marriage of Benaboo; but never again as on that day did she sweep the strings to wild rhapsodies of sound such as none had heard before and none could follow, but only touched and fumbled them with deftless fingers that knew no music.

Thus did her strange gifts fall from her with the coming of the gift of hearing. She lost her old power to guide her footsteps and to minister to her pleasures and to cherish her affections. No longer did she seem to communicate with nature by other organs than the rest of the human kind; and to look on a light that no one else could see, and to listen to voices that no one else could hear. She was a radiant and joyous spirit-maid no more, but only a beautiful blind maiden, a sweet human sister that was weak and faint.

Nevertheless, Israel recked nothing of her weakness or joy at the loss of those powers over which his enemies throughout seventeen evil years had bleated and barked "Beelzebub!" And if God in His mercy had taken the angel out of his house, so strangely gifted, so strangely joyful, He had given him instead, for the hunger of his heart as a man, a sweet human daughter, however helpless and frail.

In the first days of Naomi's great change Israel was content. Part of what he had prayed for had come to pass. Though Naomi was blind, and though she was dumb, yet

because she could hear he could speak with her, and if she had sorrows he could soothe them, and if she had joys he could share them, and in this beautiful world of God, so full of things to look upon and to love, he could be eyes of her eyes that could not see.

But day by day this contentment left him, and he was haunted by strange sinkings of the heart. Naomi's frailty appeared to be not only of the body but also of the spirit. Almost it seemed as if her soul had suddenly fallen asleep. She betrayed neither joy nor sorrow. Never from her lips escaped any sound. No thought for herself or for others seemed to animate her. She neither laughed nor wept. When Israel kissed her pale brow, she did not stretch out her arms as she had done before to draw down his head to her lips. Calmly, silently, sadly, gracefully, she passed from day to day, without feeling and without thought—a beautiful statue of flesh and blood.

Thus it seemed with Naomi in those first days of her great change, and what God was doing with her slumbering spirit then, only God himself can tell; but the time of her awakening came, and with it came her first delight in the new gift with which God had gifted her.

To revive her spirits and to quicken her memory, Israel had taken her to walk in the fields outside the town where she had loved to play in her childhood—the wild places covered with the peppermint and the pink, the thyme, the marjoram, and the white broom, where she had gathered flowers in the old times, when God had taught her. The day was sweet, for it was the cool of the morning, the air was soft and the wind was gentle, and under the shady trees the covert of the reeds lay quiet. And whither Naomi would, thither they had wandered, without object and without direction. On and on, hand in hand, they had walked through the winding

paths of the oleander, between the creeping fences of the cactus, and the sprawling limbs of the prickly pear, until they came to a stream, a tributary of the Marteel, trickling down from the white heights of the Riff mountains, over the light pebbles of its narrow bed. And there—but by what impulse or what chance Israel never knew—Naomi had withdrawn her hand from his hand, and at the next moment, in scarcely more time than it took him to stoop to the ground and rise again, suddenly, as if she had sunk into the earth or been lifted into the sky, Naomi disappeared from his sight.

Israel pushed the low boughs apart, expecting to find her by his side, but she was nowhere near. He called her by her name, thinking she would answer with the only language of her lips, the old language of her laugh, but no sound came back to him. Again he called, not as before in a tone of remonstrance, but with a voice of fear, and then listened and waited, yet heard nothing, neither her laugh nor the rustle of her robe, nor the light beat of her footstep.

Nevertheless, she had passed over the grass from the spot where she had left him, without waywardness or thought of evil, only missing his hand and trying to recover it, then becoming afraid and walking rapidly, until the dense foliage between them had hidden her from sight and deadened the sound of his voice.

Opening the way between the long leaves of an aloe, Israel found her at length in the place whereto she had wandered. It was a short bend of the brook, where dark old trees overshadowed the water with forest gloom. She was seated on the trunk of a fallen elm, and it seemed as if she had sat herself down to weep in her dumb trouble, for her blind eyes were still wet with tears. The river was murmuring at her feet; an old beech-tree over her head was pattering with its multitudinous tongues; the little family of a squirrel was chirping by her side, and one tiny creature of the brood was squirling up her dress; a thrush was swinging itself on the low bough of the beech and singing as it swung, and a sheep of solemn face—gaunt and grim and ancient—was standing and palpitating before her. Bees were humming, grasshoppers were buzzing, the light wind was whispering, and cattle were lowing in the distance. The air of that sweet spot in that sweet hour was musical with every sweet sound of the earth and sky, and fragrant with all the wild odours of the wood.

And the face of Naomi, for all that her eyes were wet, beamed and overflowed with joy. The wet eyes were open and they appeared to see, so radiant was the light that shone in them. A tender smile played about her mouth; her head was held forward; her nostrils quivered; and her cheeks were flushed. She had pushed her hat back from her head, and her yellow hair had fallen over her neck and breast. One of her hands covered one ear, and the other strayed among the plants that grew on the bank beside her. She seemed to be listening intently, eagerly, rapturously. A rare and radiant joy, a pure and tender delight appeared to gush out of her beautiful face. It was almost as though she believed that everything she heard with the great new gift which God had given her was speaking to her, and bidding her welcome and offering her love: as if the gurgling old beech over her head were stretching down his arms to sport with her hair, and pattering "Kiss me, little one! kiss me, sweet one! kiss me, kiss me!"—as if the rippling river at her feet were laughing and crying "Catch me, naked feet! catch me, catch me!"—as if the thrush on the bough were singing "Where from, sunny locks? where from? where from?"—as if the young squirrel were chirping "I'm not afraid, not afraid, not afraid!" and as if the grey old sheep were breathing slowly, "Pat me, little maiden! you may, you may!"

It was the awakening of her soul to the soul of music, and from that day forward she took pleasure in all sweet and gentle sounds whatsoever—in the voices of children at play—in the bleat of the goat—in the footsteps of them she loved—in the hiss and whirl of her mother's old spinning-wheel, which now she learned to work—and, most of all, in Ali's harp, when he played it in the patio in the cool of evening.

And so it came about at last, that even as the human mother among many children loves that child most that is most helpless, so the earth-mother of Naomi made her ears more keen because her eyes were blind. Thus she seemed to hear many things that are unheard by the rest of the human family. It is only a dim echo of the outer world that the ears of men are allowed to hear, just as it is only a dim shadow of the outer world that the eyes of men are allowed to see; but the ears of Naomi seemed to hear all. There is one hearing of men, and another hearing of the beasts, and a third of the birds, and one hearing differs from another in keenness even as one sight differs from another in strength. And all the earth is full of voices, and everything that moves upon the face of it has its sound; but the bird hears that which is unheard of the beast, and the beast hears that which is unheard of men. But Naomi appeared to hear all that is heard of each. Listening hour after hour, listening always, listening only, with nothing that she could do but to listen, nothing moved on the ground but she dropped her face, and nothing flew in the sky but she lifted it. And whereas before the coming of her great gift her face had been all feeling, and she seemed to feel the sunset, and to feel the sky and to feel the thunder and the light, now her face was all hearing, and her whole body seemed to hear, for she was like a living soul floating always in a sea of sound.

Thus, day after day, she was busy in her silence and in her darkness, building up her notions of man and of the world by the new gift with which God had gifted her; but what strange thing the earth was to her then, and what the sun was with its warmth, and what the sea was with its roar, and what the face of man was, and the eyes of woman, none could know, and neither could she tell, for her soul was not linked to other souls—soul to soul, in the chains of speech.

Nevertheless, Israel knew no pleasure like that of watching her face that he might note the influence of sounds upon her spirit. This was his sole index to her heart, telling him whether it was great or little, and whether its impulses were generous or mean. It was an unending delight to him, for he was content with his scrutiny. A great soul beamed out of her beautiful face; her spirit was noble; her heart was true.

And for all that she could not answer, yet Israel did not forget that, beside the sounds of earth and sky, Naomi was hearing

words, and that words had wings, that they were alive, and that, for good or ill, they made their mark on the soul that hearkened to them. So he continued to read to her out of the Book of the Law, day after day at sunset, according to his wont and custom. And when an evil spirit seemed to make a mock at him, and to say, "Fool! she hears, but does she understand?" he remembered how he had read to her in the days of her deafness, and he said to himself, "Shall I have less faith now that she can hear?"

But, though he turned his back on the temptation to let go of Naomi's soul at last, yet sometimes his heart misgave him concerning her; for when he spoke to her it seemed to him that he was like a man that shouts into a cavern and gets back no answer but the sound of his own voice. If he told her of the sky that it was broad as the ocean, what could she see of the great deeps to measure them? And if he told her of the sea that it was green as the fields, what could she see of the grass to know its colour? And sometimes as he spoke to her it smote him suddenly that the words themselves which he used to speak with were no more to Naomi than the notes which Ali struck from his dead harp, or the bleat of the goat at her feet.

Nevertheless, his faith was great, and he said in his heart, "Let the Lord find His own way to her spirit." So he continued to speak with her as often as he was near her, telling her of the little things that concerned their household, as well as of the greater things that were good for her soul to know. Of the Lord Himself he told her that He was King for ever and ever, and that all creatures on earth were under Him: and of

green fields and sweet female faces that rises before the eye of the poor sailor becalmed at sea.

It was some three weeks after his return from his journey, and the fierce blaze of the sun continued. The storm that had broken over the town had left no results of coolness or moisture, for the ground had been baked hard, and the rain had been too short and swift to penetrate it. And what the withering heat had spared of green leaf and shrub a deadlier blight had swept away. The locusts had lately come up from the south and east, in numbers exceeding imagination, millions on millions making the air dark as they passed and obscuring the blue sky. They had swept the country of its verdure, and left a trail of desolation behind them. The grass was gone, the bark of the olives and almonds was stripped away, and the bare trees had the look of winter.

The first to feel the plague had been the cattle and beasts of burden. Without food to eat or water to drink they had died in hundreds. A Kabbar, a cemetery, was made for animals outside the walls of the town. It was a charnel-yard on the hill-side, near to one of the town's six gates. The dead creatures were not buried there, but merely cast on the bare ground to rot and to bleach in the sun and the Levant wind. It was a horrible place.

The skinny dogs of the town soon found it, and after these scavengers of the East had torn the putrefying flesh and gnawed the multitude of bones, they prowled around the country, with tongues lolled out, in search of water. By this time there was none that they could come at nearer than the sea, and that was salt. Nevertheless, they lapped it, so burning was their thirst, and then went mad, and came back to the town, and the people hunted them and killed them.

Now, it chanced that a mad dog from the Kabbar was being pursued to its death on a day when Naomi, who had become accustomed to the tumult of the streets, had first ventured forth in them alone, save for her goat, that went before her. The goat was grown old, but it was still her constant companion, and also it was now her guide and guardian, for almost it seemed to know that she was become frail and helpless. And so it was that she was crossing the Sôk el Foki, the market of the town, and hearkening only to the patter of the feet of the goat going in front, when suddenly she heard a hundred footsteps hurrying towards her, with shouts and curses that were loud and deep. She stood in fear on the spot where she was, and no eyes had she to see what happened next, and she had none save the goat to tell her.

But out of one of the dark arcades on the left that leads downward from the hill the mad dog came running, before a multitude of men and boys. And fleeing in its despair, it bit out wildly at whatever lay in its way, and Naomi, in her blindness, stood straight in the front of it. Then must she have fallen before it, but instantly the goat flung itself across the dog's open jaws, and butted at its foaming teeth, and sent up shrill cries of terror.

The dog stopped a moment, for such love was human, and almost it seemed as if the madness of the monster shrunk before it. But the people came down with their wild shouts and curses, and the dog sprang upon the goat and felled it, and fled away, and the people followed it, and then Naomi was alone in the market-place, and the goat lay at her feet.

Ali found her there, and brought her home to her father's house in the Mellah, and her slaughtered champion with her. And out of this hard chance, and not out of Israel's teaching, Naomi was first to learn what life is and what is death. She felt the goat with her hands, and as she did so her fingers shook. Then she lifted it to its feet, and when they slipped from under it and it fell she raised her white face in wonder. Again she lifted it, and made strange noises at its ear; but when it answered her not with its bleat her lips began to tremble. Then she listened for its breathing, and afterwards felt for its breath; but when the one did not come to her ear, or the other to her cheek, her own breath beat hot and fast. At length she fondled it in her arms, and kissed it with her lips; and when it gave back no sign of motion nor any sound of voice, a wild labouring rose at her heart. At last, when the power of life was low in it, the goat opened its heavy eyes upon her and put forth its tongue and licked her hand. With that last farewell did the brave heart of the little creature break, and it stretched itself and died.

Israel saw it all. His heart bled to see the parting in silence between those two, for not more dumb was the goat that now was dead than the human soul that was left alive. He tried to put the goat from Naomi's arms, saying, "It was only a goat, my child; think of it no more," though it smote him with pain to say it, for had not the creature given its life for her life? And where, O God, was the difference between them? But Naomi clung to the goat, and her throat swelled and her bosom fluttered, and her whole body panted, and it was almost as if her soul was struggling to burst through the bonds that bound it, that she might speak and ask and know.

"Oh, what does it mean? Why is it? Why? Why?"

Such were the questions that seemed ready to break from her tongue. And, thinking to answer her, Israel drew her to him and said, "It is dead, my child—the goat is dead."

But even as he spoke that word his very soul sickened, for he saw by her face, as by a flash of light in a dark place, that, often as he had told her of death, never until that hour had she known what it was. Then, if the words that he had spoken of death had carried no meaning, what could he hope of the words that he had spoken of life, and of the little things which concerned their household? And if Naomi had not heard the words he had said of these to understand them, if she had not pondered and interpreted them—if they had fallen on her ear only as voices in a dark cavern—only as dead birds on a dead sea—what of the other words, the greater words, the words of the Book of the Law and the Prophets, the words of heaven and of the resurrection and of God?

Had the hope of his heart been vanity? Did Naomi know nothing? Was her great gift a mockery?

Israel's feet were set in a slippery place. He quarrelled with God again. Why had he boasted himself of God's mercy? What were ears to hear to her that could not understand? Only a torment, a terror, a plague, a perpetual desolation!



And the face of Naomi, for all that her eyes were wet, beamed and overflowed with joy.

heaven he told her that it was the throne of the Lord, where He lived with His holy angels, and where she herself should yet behold His face, for in the resurrection from the dead the scales should fall from all eyes and no one should be blind any more. Also of her mother he told her that she was faithful, and that her heart was humble, but that the hand of the Lord fell upon her and she died and was buried; and after she was gone her child, even Naomi herself, when she was a little helpless thing, watched for her by night and covered her bed with flowers by day, thinking she would surely come again; but she came not, for she was in the grave where there is no remembrance, neither any joy nor any sorrow, where the wicked sleep with the just, and the man of God with the prince of the earth, and only the Lord knows their resting-places to divide them at the last, and cry aloud to the righteous among His children, "Arise!"

It was a touching sight—the lonely man, the outcast among his people, talking with his daughter though she was blind and dumb, telling her of God, of heaven, of death and of resurrection, strong in his faith that his words would not fail, but that the casket of her soul would be opened to receive them, and that they would lie within until the great day of judgment, when the Lord Himself would call for them.

Did Naomi hear his words to understand them, or did they fall dead on her ear like birds on a dead sea? In her darkness and her silence was she putting them together, comparing them, interpreting them, pondering them, imitating them, gathering food for her mind from them, and solace for her spirit? Israel did not know; and, watch her face as he would, never could he learn. Hope! Faith! Trust! What else was left to him? He clung to all three, he grappled them to him: they were his sheet-anchor and his pole-star. But one day they seemed to be his calumny also—the false picture of

When Naomi had heard nothing she had known nothing, and never had her spirit asked and cried in vain. But now she was dumb for the first time, being no longer deaf. Miserable man that he was, why had the Lord heard his supplication and why had He received his prayer?

But, repenting of such reproaches, in memory of the joy that Naomi's new gift had given her, he called on God to give her speech as well.

"Give her speech, O Lord!" he cried, "speech that shall lift her above the creatures of the field, speech whereby alone she may ask and know! Give her speech, O God my God, and Thy servant will be satisfied!"

CHAPTER XIV.

OF ISRAEL AT SHAWAN.

Ever after Israel's return from his journey he had followed the precepts of the young prophet of Mequinez. Taking a view of his situation, that by his hardness of heart in the early days, and by base submission to the will of Katharine, the Kaid's Christian wife, in the later ones, he filled the land with miseries, he had spared no cost to restore what he had extorted unjustly. So to him that had paid double in the taxings he had returned double—once for the tax and once for the excess; and if any man, being unjustly taxed for the Kaid's tribute, had given bond on his lands for his debt and been cast into the Kasba and died, without ransoming them, then to his children he had returned fourfold—double for the lands and double for the death.

Israel had done this continually, and said nothing to Benaboo, but paid all charges out of his own purse, so that from being a rich man he had fallen within a month to the condition of a poor one, for what was one man's wealth among so many? Yet no goodwill had he won thereby, but only pity and contempt, for the people that had taken his money had thanked the Kaid for it, who, according to their supposals, had called on him to correct what he had done amiss. And with Benaboo himself he had fared no better, for the Basha was provoked to anger with him when he heard from Katharine of the good money that he had been casting away in pity of the poor.

Thus, on every side Israel had fallen in the world's reckoning, and when he had lifted his hand from off that plough whereby he had done the devil's work, he had made many enemies, and such as he had before he had made powerful. People who had shown him lip-service when he was thought to be rich did not conceal the joy they had that he was brought down so near to be a beggar. Upstarts, who owed their promotion to his intercession, found in his charities an easy handle given them to be insolent; for, by carrying to Katharine their secret messages of his mercy to the people, they brought things at length to such a pass between him and the Kaid that Benaboo openly upbraided Israel for his effeminacy, not once or twice, but many times.

Israel felt the indignity. He had given good proof of his manhood in the past by standing five-and-twenty years scapegoat for Benaboo between him and his people, making him rich by his extortions, keeping him safe in his seat, and thereby saving him from the wooden jellab which Abderrahman, the Sultan, kept for Kaid's that could not pay. But Israel mastered his anger and held his peace.

Word went through the town that Israel had fallen from the favour of the Basha, and then some of the more bold and free laughed at him in the streets when they saw him relieve the miseries of the poor, thinking himself accountable to God for their sufferings. He could have crushed the better part of his insulters to death in his brawny arms, but he was slow to anger and long-suffering. All the heed he paid to their insults was to do his good work with more secrecy. Remembering his Moorish jellab and how effectually it had disguised him on the night of his return home, he had recourse to it in this extremity. When darkness fell, he donned it again, drawing the hood well down over his black Jewish skull-cap and as far as might be over his face. In this innocent disguise he fared forth night after night for many nights among the poorer Moors that lived in the dismal quarters of the grain markets. How he bore himself being there, with what harmless deceptions he unburdened his soul by stealth, what guileless pretences he made that he might restore to the poor the money that had been stolen from them, would be a long story to tell.

"Who are you?" he was asked a hundred times.

"A friend," he answered.

"Who told you of our trouble?"

"Allah has angels," he would reply.

Often, on his nightly rambles, he heard himself reviled, and saw the very children of the streets spit over their fingers at the mention of his name. And sometimes as he passed he heard blind people whisper together and say, "He is a saint. He comes from the Kabar at nightfall. Allah sends him to help poor men who have been in the clutches of Israel the Jew."

Nevertheless, Israel kept his secret. What did the word of man avail for good or ill? It would count for nothing at the last. Do justice and ask nothing; neither praise, for it was a wayward wind, nor gratitude, for it was the breath of angels. Thus did Israel bear himself meekly towards his fellow-men, and only proudly towards God.

One day, about a month after his return from his journey, when he was near to the end of his substance, a message came to him that the followers of Absalam were perishing of hunger in their prison at Shawan. Their relatives in Tetuan had found them in food until now, but the plague of the locust had fallen on the breadwinners, and they had no more bread to send. Israel concluded that it was his duty to succour them. From a just view of his responsibilities he had gone on to a morbid one. If in the Judgment the blood of the people of Absalam cried to God against him, he himself, and not Benaboo, would be cast out into hell.

Israel juggled with his heart no further, but straightway began to take a view of his condition. Then he saw, to his dismay, that little as he had thought he possessed, even less remained to him out of the wreck of his riches. Only one thing he had still, but that was a thing so dear to his heart that he had never looked to part with it, for it was the casket of his dead wife's jewels. Nevertheless, in his extremity he resolved to sell it now, and, taking the key, he went up to the room where he kept it—a closet that was sacred to the relics of her who lay on his heart for ever, but in his house no more.

Naomi went up with him, and when he had broken the seal from the doorpost, and the little door creaked back on its hinge, the muggy odour came out to them of a chamber long shut up. They went in, and it was just as if the buried air itself had fallen in death to dust, for the dust of the years lay on everything. But under its dark mantle were soft silks and delicate shawls and gauzy haiks, and veils and embroidered sashes and light red slippers, and many dainty things such as women love. And to him that came again after ten heavy years—the weary man grown grey—they were as a dream of her that had worn them when she was young that now was dead, when she was beautiful that now was in the grave.

Israel had little heart for such visions, so he turned to the casket of the jewels where it stood by the wall. With trembling

hands he took it and opened it, and there within were its necklace and bracelets, and rings and earrings, glistening of gold and rubies under their covering of dust. He lifted them one by one over his wrinkled fingers, and looked at them while his eyes grew wet.

"Not for myself," he murmured, "not for myself would I have sold them, not for bread to eat or water to drink; no, not for a wilderness of worlds!"

All this time he had given little thought to Naomi, where she stood by his side, but in her darkness and silence she touched the silks and looked serious, and the slippers and looked perplexed; and now at the jingling of the jewels she stretched out her hand and took one of them from her father's fingers, and feeling it, and finding it to be a necklace, she clasped it about her neck and laughed.

At the sound of her laughter Israel shook like a reed. It brought back the memory of the day when she danced to her mother's death, decked in that same necklace and those same ornaments. More on this head Israel could not think and hold to his purpose, so he took the jewels from Naomi's neck and returned them to the casket, and hasted away with it to a man to whom he designed to sell it.

This was no other than Reuben Maliki, keeper of the poor-box of the Jews; for as well as a usurer he was a silversmith and kept his shop in the Sök el Foki. Israel was moved to go to this person by the remembrance of two things, of which either seemed enough for his preference—first, that he had bought the jewels of Reuben in the beginning, and next, that Reuben had never since ceased to speak of them in Tetuan as priceless beyond the gems of Ethiopia and the gold of Ophir.

But when Israel came to him now with the casket, that he might buy, he eyed both with looks of indifference, though it was more dear to his covetous and revengeful heart that Israel should humble himself in his need, and bring these jewels, than almost any other satisfaction that could come to it. One by one he trifled with the gems—the rich onyx, the sapphire, the crystal, the coral, the pearl, the ruby, and the topaz; and first he pushed them from him and then he drew them back again. And Israel, seeing them thus cheapened in Reuben's hairy fingers, the precious jewels which had clasped his Ruth's soft wrist and her white neck, could scarcely hold back his hand from snatching them away. But how can he who is poor answer him that is rich? So Israel put his twitching hands behind him, remembering Naomi and the poor people of Absalam, and when at length Reuben tendered him for the casket one half what he had paid for it, he took the money in silence and went his way.

It was market morning, and the market square as Israel passed through was a busy and noisy place. The grocers squatted within their narrow wooden boxes turned on their sides, one half of the lid propped up as a shelter from the sun, the other half hung down as a counter, whereon lay raisins and figs, and melons and dates. On the unpaved ground the bakers crouched in irregular lines. They were women enveloped in monstrous straw hats, with big round cakes of bread exposed for sale in rush baskets at their feet. Under arcades of palm-leaves—made, like desert graves, of upright poles and dry branches thrown across—the butchers lay at their ease, flicking the flies from their discoloured meat. "Buy! buy! buy!" they all shouted together. A dense throng of the poor passed between them in torn sooths and soiled turbans, and haggled and bought. Asses and mules crushed through amid shouts of "Arrah!" "Arrah!" and "Balak!" "Balak!" It was a lively scene, with more than enough of bustle and swearing and vociferation.

Israel bought the bread and the meat, the raisins and the figs which the prisoners needed—enough for the present and for many days to come. Then he hired three mules with burdas to bear the food to Shawan, and a man two days to lead it. Also he hired horses for himself and Ali, for he knew full well that, unless with his own eyes he saw the followers of Absalam receive what he had bought, no chance was there, in these days, that it would ever reach them. And, all being ready for his short journey, he set out in the middle of the day, when the sun was highest, hoping that the town would then be at rest, and thinking to escape observation.

His expectation was so far realised that the market-place, when he came to it again, with his little caravan going before him, was silent and deserted. But, coming into the walled lane to the Bab Toot, the gate at which the Shawan road enters, he encountered a great throng and a strange procession. It was a procession of penance and petition, asking God to wipe out the plague of locusts that was destroying the land and eating up the bread of its children. A venerable Jew, with long white beard, walked side by side with a Moor of great stature, enshrouded in the folds of his snow-white haik. These were the Chief Rabbi of the Jews and the Imam of the Moslems, and behind them other Jews and Moors walked abreast, barchended in the burning sun and barefoot.

"In the name of Allah, the compassionate and merciful!" the Imam cried, and the Moslems echoed him.

"By the God of Jacob!" the Rabbi prayed, and the Jews repeated the words after him.

"Spare us! Spare the land!" they all cried together. "Send rain to destroy the eggs of the locust!" cried the Rabbi. "Else will they rise on the ground in the sunshine like rice on the granary floor; and neither fire nor river nor the army of the Sultan will stop them; and we ourselves will die, and our children with us!"

And the Jews cried, "God of Abraham, be our refuge!"

And the Moslems shouted "Allah, save us!"

It was a strange sight to look upon in that land of intolerance—the haughty Moor and the despised Jew, with all petty hatreds sunk out of sight and forgotten in the grip of the death that threatened both alike, walking and praying in the public streets together.

Israel drew close to the wall and passed by unobserved. And being come into the open road outside the town, he began to take a view of the motives that had brought him away from his home again, and he saw that, if he was not a hypocrite like Reuben, no credit could he give himself for what he was doing, and if he was poor who had before been rich no merit could he make of his poverty. What was he, after all, but a man in fear of the rod of God, and whether he spent his own riches or sold his wife's jewels he had little love of the poor, but only terror of the Lord and expectation of God's mercy. And still beneath all other thoughts was the thought of Naomi. She was the star of his night and the breath of his dawn. For his sin she had been afflicted, and only when it was forgiven would her cause be lifted away. Because of his repentance, because he had sold all that he had and given to the poor, God had shown her grace already, and when his good deeds overtopped the measure of his evil ones, the lot of the Scapegoat would be taken from her, and her afflictions would be removed, and she would walk in the light of the world, and her father be no more ashamed.

Thus was Naomi his hope and his salvation. His faith in God was his love of the child, and all he did was done for her. He was only bribing God to give her grace. And well he knew it, while he journeyed towards the prison behind his three mules laden with bread for them that lay there, that, much as he owed them, being a cause of their

miseries, the mercy he was about to show them was but as mercy shown to himself. So the nearer he came to it the lower his head sank into his breast, as if the sun itself that beat down so fierce upon his head had eyes to peer into his deceitful soul.

The town of Shawan lay sixty miles south of Tetuan in the northern half of the territory of the tribe of Akhmas, and the sun was two hours set when Israel entered its beautiful valley between the two arms of the mountain called Jebel Sheshawan. Going through the orchards and vineyards that were round it, he was recognised by certain Jews, tanners and pannier-makers, who in the days of his harder rule had fled from Tetuan and his heavy taxings. Before he reached the rude old masonry that had once been the fortress and was then the prison, the poor followers of Absalam, who lay within, had heard that he was coming, and, in their despair and the wild disorder of all their senses, they looked for nothing but death from his visit, as if they were to be cut to pieces instantly. Men and women and young children, gaunt with hunger and begrimed with dirt, some with faces that were hard and stony, some with faces that were weak and simple, some with eyes that were red as blood, all weary with waiting and wasted with long pain, ran hither and thither in the gloom of the foul place where they were immured together. Shedding tears, beating their flesh, and crying out with woful clamour, these unhappy creatures of God, who had been great of soul when they sang their death-song with the precipice behind them and the soldiers in front, now quaked for the miserable lives which they preserved in hunger and cherished in bitterness.

By help of the seal of his master, which he had always carried, Israel found his way into the prison. The prisoners heard his foot-steps, and by one impulse, as if an angel from heaven had summoned them, they fell to their knees about the doors whereby he must enter in, men behind and women in front, and mothers holding out their babes before their breasts so that he might see them first, and have mercy upon them if he had a heart made for pity.

Then the door of the noisome place was thrown open, and Israel entered. His head was held down, his cap was in hand, and his feet were bare. The people drew their breath in wonder.

"Arise," he said, "I mean you no harm! See! Bread—meat! Take it, and God bless you!"

So saying, he motioned with one trembling hand to where Ali and the muleteer brought in the burden of food behind him.

When the poor souls could believe it at last that he whom they had looked for as their judge had come as their saviour, their hearts surged within them. Their hunger left them, and only the children could eat. For a moment they stood in silence about Israel, and their tears stained their wasted faces. And Israel, in their midst, tasted a new joy in his new poverty such as his riches had never brought him—no, not once in all the days of his old prosperity.

At length an old man—he was a Moslem—looked steadily into Israel's face, and said, "May the God of Jacob bless thee also, brother!"

After that, they all recovered their voices and began to thank him out of their blind gratitude, falling to their knees at his feet as before, yet with hearts so different.

"May the Father of the fatherless requite thee!"

"May the poor make their moan at the door of thy tomb!"

"May the child of thy wife be blessed!"

He turned away from them with a look of pain, as if their words had stung him. They followed him and touched his kaftan with their lips; they pushed their children under his hands for his blessing. He passed out of the place with rapid steps, and fled from the town like one who was ashamed!

(To be continued.)

THE CHATEAU CECIL AT PUY.

The Prime Minister, we learn from the papers, has just set off to enjoy a well-earned holiday at his Château Cecil, near Dieppe, a mansion which he built for himself many years ago. It would be curious to imagine a French Prime Minister or Grand Seigneur running over to Folkestone or Brighton and directing the affairs of state from the white cliffs of Albion, always "perfidious" and always good-humoured.

Recently I took an agreeable walk from Dieppe up the dusty, well-parched hills that lead out of the town, leaving behind me in the market-place the ever-flourishing, strutting Duquesne, who struck such terror into the hereditary enemy across the water, and whom the resident English regard with good nature, or perhaps scarcely regard at all. The road skirted the cliffs for a couple of miles, and on the right spread out the undulating, neatly tilled fields. Suddenly descending a little, we came to the opening of a sort of umbrageous chine or delve in the cliffs, where a road wound gently down to the beach. The day was enchanting—hot, and even sultry, yet with a gentle sea-breeze. Nothing more inviting could be conceived than the entrance to this valley, which was bounded at the end by the rich cobalt-blue sea. A few little dainty villas were dotted here and there on the incline. This, then, was Puy, which long ago, in Second Empire days, it was hoped, might be developed into an elegant and costly watering-place. Close to the beach a very handsome Grand Hotel was reared, and the legend went that a "concession" had been granted by his Majesty to a favoured bathing-man, who had disposed of it to a company. But, somehow, the project or the place never "caught on." Neither terraces nor villas were built, and it remains now almost in its original slumbering seclusion. The halls of the "Grand Hotel" seemed to be but slenderly encumbered. The sea came rippling in tranquilly. There were not half a dozen bathing cabins. Still, a more picturesque and inviting and secluded spot it would be difficult to imagine. Perfect repose and general lotus-eating seemed to reign.

Looking up at the sides of the well-cultivated valley, we can see a few important villas and châteaux perched on the sloping descents—each in its grounds of large extent. The Prime Minister appears to have had the selection of the choicest spot. It is a red pretentious building, with corner towers and pinnacles, somewhat of an English pattern. It was an odd, original feeling to read at the gate a genuine English auctioneer's proclamation to all whom it might concern that the place was "To Let," and that information could be had of Messrs. — in London or in Paris. The entrance gate, too, was unmistakably English. Not far off, and overhanging the sea, was the chalet of the younger Dumas, an agreeable neighbour, who is said to be very welcome at the Château Cecil. There were a few others scattered here and there, but they could be counted on the fingers. Over all, as I said, was a soothing air of retirement; the place was effectively hidden away—artfully secreted, as it were; the passenger on the high-road would barely suspect its existence. It had nothing of that raw barrenness which attends our places under the cliffs—St. Margaret's Bay for instance. It is this mixture of trees and greenery with beach and sea that lends the charm.

PERCY FITZGERALD.



THROWING THE LASSO.



SAVED BY A JUMP OFF.

SOUTH AMERICAN GUACHOS HUNTING THE GUANACO



"THE TIME OF ROSES."

BY CZACHORSKI.

LITERATURE.

THE MAJOR PROPHETS.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

What wiseacre can have induced Mr. John M. Robertson to handicap this excellent book* with the meaningless title "Modern Humanists"? "Modern Criticisms of Life," the title originally contemplated, would have been apt and surely not unattractive; but "a strong representation was made to me," says Mr. Robertson, "that 'Criticisms of Life' is an esoteric conception, which has not yet conquered the general intelligence." The intelligence which has yet to be "conquered" by a phrase of such obvious import is surely a negligible quantity; while the title actually selected conveys either no meaning or a wrong one. In the matter of titles, first thoughts are almost always best. Once set to work weighing and appraising a list of possible labels, and the unfittest is pretty sure to survive. Failing the original title, I should have been inclined to suggest "The Book of the Major Prophets," with a motto taken from the essay on Matthew Arnold: "A prophet . . . may be defined as a person whose language is strong and whose theory is wrong." To some readers Mr. Robertson's relentlessly critical attitude towards all his subjects will doubtless give offence. "Who is this," they will ask, "who presumes to play the pedagogue to Carlyle, Mill, Emerson, Arnold, Ruskin, and Spencer, treating the six leading thinkers of the English-speaking world of our day as he might a form of clever schoolboys?" But there is really no presumption in the matter. Without committing ourselves to the recently revived theory of the close connection between genius and insanity, we must at least admit that wisdom and genius are totally different things, and that a hundred men may be capable of thinking rightly for one who can think intensely and utter his thought (be it right or wrong) so as to compel the world to hear. In pointing out what he conceives to be the shortcomings of the Major Prophets, Mr. Robertson does not for a moment assume to be their intellectual peer. The very fact that he is not a man of volcanic temperament or potent originality, but a conscientious student and close, dispassionate thinker, places him in a position of unquestionable advantage, if not for the discovery of truth, at least for the elimination of error. And though he is certainly "hard-headed," if that be a term of reproach—though he dwells on consistency as the test of valid thinking with a doggedness which will displease those who make a virtue of their intellectual vagueness—yet it cannot be said that he is an ungenerous critic, or unduly inclined to make sympathy and admiration dependent on speculative assent. Of Mill and Spencer, congenial spirits both, Mr. Robertson writes now and then with almost lyrical enthusiasm; he has ample appreciation for what may perhaps be called the sweet unreasonableness of Matthew Arnold's manner, his humanising influence on religious and political controversy; Mr. Ruskin's marvellous vision and multitudinous eloquence he celebrates in no grudging terms; and of Emerson, whose intellectual habit was heaven-wide from his own, he nevertheless writes with loving recognition for his "noble aspiration and beautiful speech." Only in dealing with Carlyle does Mr. Robertson decline to let mercy season justice; and it must be admitted that Carlyle's own practice gives him no special claim to leniency. The critic's asperity in this particular instance is perhaps (as he himself half confesses) the result of a reaction from discipleship. Yet he cannot be accused of doing substantial injustice to the wordy apostle of silence, the canting assailant of cant. On the contrary, he has done excellent service, to my thinking, by demonstrating the essentially negative, denunciatory, unhelpful, and empty nature of Carlyle's "gospel"—his "clearness of conviction only that other people are wrong." His greatness as an historic melodramatist and Rembrandtesque portrait-painter Mr. Robertson amply acknowledges; likewise his utility as a spiritual "eye-opener," a disturber of complacent optimism and smug inertia, "an antidote to lethargy." One only of Carlyle's claims to gratitude (as it seems to me) does Mr. Robertson ignore or make light of. He was the great populariser of rudimentary metaphysics. Crude and inconsequent as was his pantheism, it swallowed up his still cruder theism, and came home to thousands with apocalyptic effect. He has helped, and is helping, the man in the street to get behind the phenomena of the universe—to strip off its hulls, as he himself would say. And this is no slight service.

Mr. Robertson writes smoothly, perspicuously, and with very sparing indulgence in those too hardy individualisms of style which, in his earlier "Essays towards a Critical Method," proved stumbling-blocks to critics not a few. His strength does not lie in detached felicities of expression; yet these are by no means lacking. "In moral and social science," he says, "while a devoted few do work hard to colligate data and check theories, the mass of us come with our every-day convictions and lay down the law to each other with the unanimity and persuasiveness of an aviary." Of Carlyle he remarks, aptly, if unkindly, that "he sometimes censured with the spontaneous insight of an angry woman"; and again, "When it came to speaking out on these matters [his religious convictions], Carlyle shuffled his pack of principles and for the trump card, 'Speak the truth,' substituted that other, 'Burn your own smoke.'" This, of Emerson, is happily phrased: "He was always something of a Greek, composed in the presence of the primary human instincts"; and no less happy is the remark that Matthew Arnold may have led many people out of their dogmatic beliefs, "but not to find a continuing city in his personal equation." On the other hand, I cannot hold it desirable to speak of a "bias" being "glutted to satiety"; and there is surely a trace of superfluous tissue in this, of John Stuart Mill's wife: "The item that the lady could never err is the last straw." I should have been inclined to say, "Infallibility is the last straw."

* *Modern Humanists*. By John M. Robertson. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1891.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The week has given forth a continuous stream of criticism of the late Mr. Lowell—on the whole very appreciative, but quite remarkably conflicting. According to one writer, he excelled as a poet, but had no literary style as a prose writer; according to another, it is by his criticism that he is destined to live. One critic assures us that the "Biglow Papers" had but a merely local and transitory importance; to another they count among the world's best humorous literature. One well-known daily journal described Mr. Lowell in its biography as a born orator—as, indeed, he was—and in its leading article as a very bad public speaker. But all agree as to his remarkable personal charm.

No one, however, has sufficiently emphasised all that Mr. Lowell has been as an inspiration to the study of the best literature. Perhaps none of the writers who have fixed his place one way or the other for the edification of their circle have ever found, as a very large number of young men in England and America have undoubtedly found, that his essays—the essays in "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows"—marked a very important epoch in their mental training: that if Carlyle sent them to Goethe and Schiller, and Arnold to Heine and Marcus Aurelius, Mr. Lowell sent them to Dante and Lessing, and perhaps, above all, to Cervantes. Possibly no one has introduced so many English-speaking students to the "Divine Comedy" in the original during the last thirty years as Lowell. It is certain that no one has introduced so many to "Don Quixote" in Spanish. "If you wish to know what humour is," he says, "read 'Don Quixote.' It is the element in which the whole story lives and moves and has its being; it is nowhere absent; it is nowhere obtrusive."

But that so thoroughly bookish a man—he gave four hours a day to old-world literature, says a writer in the *Times*—could have written so charmingly about nature is passing wonderful. We should be surprised if White or Walton or Richard Jefferies could write learnedly about books, but Lowell, in "My Garden Acquaintance," has thrown himself into nature in completest fashion. There is not a quotation in the essay. After reading it we do not think so much of that "embowered solitude" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which he spent so many years, and wherein he died. It is



LOWELL'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

the garden of Elmwood which attracts us, with the cherry-tree covered with humming-birds, with the king-birds in the orchard, the rose-breasted grosbeak among the raspberries, and the robin among the grapes. Who that has read this essay will say that its author has no literary style?

It was long a matter of regret that Mr. Lowell's poems were only obtainable in indifferent type, and that the two series of "Among My Books" were out of print. But only a few weeks before his death, Messrs. Macmillan published in England, and Messrs. Houghton in America, a complete edition of his works in ten handsome volumes—not entirely complete, indeed, for many happy criticisms which appeared in American magazines while under his editorship were absent, but containing all the poems, essays, and addresses. As always happens in these cases, death will have proved the best of advertisements, and the Riverside Lowell will have a very large sale.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, writes a correspondent, did not much believe in literature *pur et simple* as a profession, and always advised his young friends against trying to make a livelihood by the pen. Hearing of the somewhat romantic marriage of two poets (not the Brownings, I need hardly say), he exclaimed significantly, "Ah! If they hope that verses will translate into bread-and-butter let them prepare for the worst. Tell the young lady—nay, tell the lover also—to read 'A Modern Instance.' I once heard him discuss the position of women in contemporary literature. He placed, strangely enough, Elizabeth Barrett Browning far above her husband. Among English minor poets, Adelaide Procter, the writer of "Legends and Lyrics," took a high place, and it was her mother, the widow of Barry Cornwall, Anne Waller Procter, who inspired him to write the lines beginning—

I know a girl, they say she's eighty.

Although a great reader of French fiction, Mr. Lowell abhorred the Zolaesque school and all its works. Prosper Mérimée's *nouvelles* seemed to him full of delicate finish and local colour. He rarely, if ever, alluded to his own writing, and I believe I am right in saying that he never once assisted at a public recitation of any of his popular short poems. Of Thackeray he would often speak in terms of enthusiastic admiration, singling out "The Virginians" for especial commendation; and one of the things he read with most pleasure during the last days of his life were the reminiscences of her father lately published in an English magazine by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. Mr. Lowell's great link to Paris was Madame Mohl. In her *appartement*, 120, Rue de Bac, he met all the social and literary and many of the political celebrities of the day, with some of whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence for several years. His love of things English extended far. For

the Queen he had sincere affection and respect, and would say in the half-laughing but wholly determined tone he would often use when most in earnest, "Queen Victoria has been the making of England! And your great-grandchildren will talk of her as we talk of our George Washington."

Mr. Hugh Thomson is illustrating Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" as a companion volume to "The Vicar of Wakefield."

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Life's Handicap," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan); "A Sydney Side Saxon," by Ralph Boldrewood (Macmillan); "Two Girls on a Barge," by V. Cecil Coles (Chatto and Windus); "The Fruits of Enlightenment: A Comedy," by Lyof Tolstoy, translated by E. J. Dillon, introduction by Arthur W. Pinero (Heinemann); "A Fair Freelance," by Sir Gilbert Campbell (Routledge); "The Mignon Shakspeare," Vol. V. (Routledge); "Sun - Pictures of the Norfolk Broads," by Payne Jennings (Permanent Photo. Printing Works, Ashted, Surrey); "Thrice Past the Post," by Hawley Smart (F. V. White and Co.); "War - Ships of the World," ninth revised issue (2, White Lion Court, Cornhill); "In a Canadian Canoe," by Barry Pain, *Whitefriars Library* (Henry and Co.); "Pauvre Humanité," by Léon Delbos (Savine, 12, Rue des Pyramides, Paris); "Pictorial Astronomy," by G. F. Chambers (Whittaker and Co.); "Pater-son's Tourists' Hand-Guide to Scotland" (W. Paterson); "The Lancet Reports of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, 1876-89" (Ballantyne and Co., Tavistock Street); "Fresh Light on the Dynamic Action and Ponderosity of Matter," by "Waterdale" (Chapman and Hall); Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," cheap reprint of *Golden Treasury Series* (Macmillan); "The Great Cockney Tragedy," by Ernest Rhys, illustrated by Jack B. Yeats (T. Fisher Unwin). K

A STORY OF TWO LOVES.

A Man's Conscience. By Avery Macalpine. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Simplicity of plot, animated by a sentiment of adequate interest, with a shadow of apprehended remorse that is suddenly relieved at the end, leaving a prospect of happiness to two or three engaging characters, will recommend this love-story to readers of a quiet disposition. It concerns the moral embarrassment of a young Englishman, the Hon. Godfrey Alleyne, afterwards Lord Galbraith, who has purchased a farm on the prairies in Minnesota, and has plighted his affections to a maiden good and fair, not wholly uneducated, Milly Alistair, the only daughter of a rough but honest Scotch neighbour, while his mother at home, the Dowager Lady Galbraith, is determined that he shall return and marry his cousin Gwendolen. One is rather staggered by the energetic feat of this elderly peeress in travelling alone from England to the Western States of America on purpose to carry her son away out of reach of the rustic maiden, but the scenes and interviews are humorously described; and Milly's attitude, modestly firm and frank, in the formidable lady's presence, commands our sympathetic esteem. Godfrey, however, is obliged to depart by news of the death of his elder brother, calling him to England as heir to the title and estates. When he meets Gwendolen, who has always loved him, but whom he has regarded as a sister, the expediency of a marriage between them is strongly urged by his mother; and Godfrey has the painful task of communicating to his cousin, with much delicacy, the fact of his engagement to Milly. The noble behaviour of Gwendolen, who thereupon declares her refusal to accept the match proposed by her aunt, and continues, for some time, faithful in supporting the rights of her absent rival, is more admirable than Godfrey's own compunctions of "a man's conscience"; these ultimately giving way, perhaps excusably, as the letters between him and Milly are intercepted, and a forged letter in the name of her father states that she has changed her mind. So the grand wedding of Lord Galbraith with his accomplished and lovely cousin is at length prepared, when he learns from a friend in America how the letters have been tampered with by a local enemy—not by his mother in England—and he bravely crosses the Atlantic, with Gwendolen's consent, revisiting the distant settlement in Minnesota, to ascertain whether or not his hand is free. The result of this heroic act is all that could be wished; for Milly, after suffering much grief and illness, has married a clergyman, and her former lover returns to marry Gwendolen, who is the true heroine of this story—a tale worthy of approval for the purity of its sentiment and for its graceful, natural style.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LATEST NOVEL.

Janet. By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—As one of our most experienced lady novelists, with a fine perception of what is naturally interesting to youth of her own sex, craving an outlook and opportunity of effort beyond the guarded family home, Mrs. Oliphant is clever in narrating the social adventures of a well-educated girl cast among strangers of the respectable class, and rapidly acquiring some practical knowledge of the world. Janet Summerhayes, who has come to London as governess in the household of Mrs. Harwood, in St. John's Wood, does not entirely satisfy our idea of a heroine in character; for she lacks straightforwardness, dissembles more than is required in her dependent position, is too curious about family secrets that do not concern her, and permits the attentions of two gentlemen, a son of Mrs. Harwood, and a visitor, Charlie Meredith, until one nearly kills the other. Without any positive act of impropriety, her slyness, veiled by a retiring demeanour, would make her an undesirable young person even where no mysteries had to be concealed; but in the case of Mrs. Harwood, a cripple unable to rise from her chair, reputed a widow, but hiding an insane living husband, supposed to be dead, from creditors who could have prosecuted him as a fraudulent bankrupt, it was perilous to have any stranger residing in the house. The improbability that Mrs. Harwood, enjoying money which ought to have been given up, should with the assistance of the grim butler alone have kept this "skeleton in the closet" for many years from the knowledge of her own children, her other servants, and her neighbours, is obvious enough. When the police, searching the premises in pursuit of the murderous assailant of Mr. Meredith, discover the captive madman in some closed apartments, disgrace and ruin are skillfully averted by several crafty expedients; then Janet's elderly first lover, Dr. Harding, arriving from the country to claim her hand, proving to be an old acquaintance of Mrs. Harwood, and one of her husband's injured creditors, the whole situation is saved. Nevertheless, we do not like Janet herself, or find much pleasure in the story that bears her name.

ON THE "GREAT POST ROAD" IN SIBERIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

Travelling in Siberia has been of late years much altered for the better; for my experiences on the "Great Post Road" have been very different from those described by the authors of some recent book of travel. But perhaps the fact of my doing the journey in winter may account for it. The impressions of my eight-days journey from Krasnoïarsk to Irkutsk, though it was somewhat tedious, remain in my memory among the most interesting of my Siberian experiences. I had engaged a servant named Matureff, who took charge of everything; all I had to do was to decide when to start, and leave the rest to him, even to packing my things and ordering the horses. He spoke no language but Russian, so our conversation was limited; I mostly had to make him understand by means of pantomime. When my preparations were complete, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 25, I started on my long journey from Krasnoïarsk. The road for some miles, after leaving the town, lay along the ice in the very centre of the

at night take it in turns to keep watch. For on the Great Post Road a peculiar form of highway robbery exists; bales of tea are frequently cut loose and stolen in the dark hours by thieves, who lurk around taking advantage of a driver dozing on his sledge. The poor fellow then has to pay dearly for his "forty winks," as he has to make good the loss out of his wages, a very serious matter, considering the value of a large bale of tea. Last year, I am informed, these thefts became so frequent and the thieves so daring that at last the drivers combined to have their revenge, and when on one or two occasions they managed to catch a thief they inflicted a dreadful punishment upon him. For, bending a stout birch sapling to the ground by means of a rope, they fastened the back of the victim's head to it by the hair, and then cut the rope, releasing the tree, which immediately sprang back to its original position, and the unfortunate wretch was literally scalped. He was then left to his fate. But to return to my narrative. We had no difficulty in getting horses, and, after a stoppage of twenty-five minutes, were rattling merrily along the frost-bound highway. It was a bitterly cold night, 40 deg. below zero (Réaumur), but till now I had not felt it much, as the wind was at our backs. Unfortunately, a turn in the road brought it right against us, and then I felt such cold that in all my life I never experienced any like it; although I was buried in furs, and the hood of the sledge down, there was no

always stationed during the summer months, to see that the gate is kept closed, and so keep the cattle from straying outside the boundary. In the distance one then sees the long dreary stretch of village street, with the green-roofed "ostrog," or prison, and the public granary, standing out in relief against the dilapidated wooden hovels. Everywhere there seems an entire absence of human life. The post-house is only distinguishable from the other houses by its having black and white lamp-posts at the door and the Russian coat-of-arms painted on a board over it. There were, however, several flourishing little towns and villages here and there, but so few; Kansk, Nijni Velinsk, Touloung, and the large village of Koutouluk are really the only places worth mentioning in this long road. At Touloung the streets were actually lighted up at night. At these places, of course, the post-houses were better furnished and looked after, but they were few and far between. In the generality of "Government Post-houses" there was cleanliness, but no ventilation. Everywhere I found the windows closed, and when the stove was alight the atmosphere was stifling. You may imagine what the air is like after being confined in these stuffy rooms for the six long winter months, and being breathed over and over again by hundreds of travellers. However, in the wilds of Siberia it would be absurd to expect to find European notions of sanitation.



INTERIOR OF A POST HOUSE ON THE GREAT POST ROAD IN SIBERIA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

river Yenesei. As it was a very bright moonlight night, the effect was novel and beautiful, the track was smooth and level, and the horses went along at their top speed. I was gradually lulled into a deep sleep, and woke to find the first stage of twenty-nine versts accomplished and the sledge in the post-yard of Botoiskaya. The little village was slumbering; not a light was to be seen in most of its windows; in the post-house was the only sign of life. Looking up the quaint street, which in the moonlight had a weird appearance, with its tumble-down cottages, I saw a most curious sight. The centre of the road had exactly the appearance of being laid with railway sleepers; as far as one could see, the long ridges in the snow followed each other regularly. I was told that these ridges were caused by the thousands of horses of the caravans which had passed along the road since the commencement of the winter. The horses know that they can get a better foothold by walking in each other's footsteps, and fall into the habit of doing so almost mechanically. I presently saw a large caravan pass, which was but the forerunner of what we afterwards met, day and night, almost without intermission, the whole way to Irkutsk. While many were laden with European goods bound eastward, more were coming from the Chinese frontier with tea, so great is this traffic. The tea of China, packed in bales of hide, is brought across the Gobi desert by ox-wagons or by camels as far as Kiakhta, the Russian frontier town, where it is transferred to sledges or Siberian carts, according to the season, and the long journey to Tomsk is then commenced, a journey taking over two months. The same horses go the whole way; but they are allowed to take their own pace, and seldom do more than three miles an hour. At Tomsk the tea is stored till the spring, when it is taken by river steamer into Russia. Tea brought overland is said to retain more of its original flavour than that which, packed in lead, has made a sea voyage, but the difference is probably so slight that only an expert could detect it. There are comparatively very few men in charge of these immensely valuable consignments, which often consist of as many as two hundred and fifty sledges—one man to about seven horses as a rule—and these

keeping it out. Moustache, nostrils, and eyelashes were frozen hard, and my "dacha," when it came in contact with my face, was one solid mass of ice, caused by my breath, and to this my skin actually stuck. The wonder to me was how the drivers could stand it as they do, and the horses, too, seemed not to care for it; they would keep up the same pace the whole stage, standing afterwards in the post-yards as quiet as sheep, while their icy coats were, so to speak, broken off with a primitive sort of curry-comb attached to the handle of the driver's whip. Twenty-eight versts or so brought us to the end of another stage. The novelty of sledge-travelling soon passes off, especially on a road like this, where there is so little to vary the monotony of the dense forests or rolling snow-bound plains on either side. The villages resemble each other so much that it was at times hard to believe we were not returning to the one we had just left. I do not propose wearying you with a detailed account of the forty-three stations between Krasnoïarsk and Irkutsk; the description of one suffices for all. Of course this remark does not apply to the aborigines, who naturally differ considerably, according to their tribes. But with regard to the ordinary inhabitants of Siberia, I saw absolutely no difference in their dress or customs, or in the build of their houses, all the way from Golchika, the tiny settlement on the Tundras, far away within the Arctic Circle, and near Irkutsk, a distance of nearly three thousand miles; indeed, from what I hear, it is the same from the Urals to the Pacific. It almost seems as though it had been ordained by imperial ukase that all over this vast empire the inhabitants should everywhere adopt the same costumes, and build and furnish their houses always on the same pattern. What strikes one most on the long stretches of road is the total absence of isolated cottages or farmhouses, which help to enliven a landscape in Europe. Once beyond the fence which encircles the limits of each village commune, all signs of habitation, and even of cultivation, instantly cease, and are no more seen till the next commune is reached. The road then passes through a big wooden gate, with high posts on each side. Just inside this is a small sentry-box, in which a watchman is

GUACHOS HUNTING THE GUANACO.

The native herdsmen and huntsmen of the vast and grassy Pampas, or South American plains, commonly known as "Guachos," but of many different races, are famous riders of wild horses, sitting on a cumbersome and complicated saddle called the "recado," which holds by straps every implement and article for the needs of a hunting expedition. With a strong bridle and stirrups, sharp spurs, and a terrible whip, the iron handle of which is a weapon to stun the largest beast, the Guacho, armed also with a long-bladed knife, can master not only his own steed, but any other animal of the Pampas. If he wants a fresh horse, he catches one from the nearest herd; when night falls, he dismounts, readily secures the horse's legs by putting on the "manecas" or hobbles, covers himself with a "poncho," or large blanket having a central hole for his head, eats his supper, lights his cigarette, and lies down to sleep under a cloudless sky. The peculiar Guacho method of capturing wild oxen or other big game, of which the "guanaco" or "huanaco," a species of llama, belonging to the camel family, is the most important in the southern country, has often been described. It is done by means of the long lasso, which consists of double thongs of leather with "bolas," or iron balls, at the ends; the other end being fastened to the saddle-girth by an iron ring. The Guacho, with amazing dexterity, gallops up to the animal he is pursuing, and flings the lasso so expertly as to entangle the hind legs of the quadruped, which is soon brought to a stop by the horse, the weight of horse and rider being too much even for an ox to drag far, while the slender but agile guanaco must instantly be overcome. It is chiefly in Patagonia, or the Southern Pampas, beyond the frontier of the Argentine Republic, that the guanaco abounds, which supplies, as well as the rhea, or South American ostrich, somewhat more resembling the Australian emu, the Guacho's most valuable game. Our Artist's Sketches are characteristic of this manner of chase; the incidental danger of tumbling into a deep ravine, which is escaped by jumping off the horse, must sometimes occur in galloping at such headlong speed.



ON THE GREAT POST ROAD IN SIBERIA: A TEA CARAVAN FROM CHINA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

The Cinque Ports.

canopies of cloth of gold or silk over King and Queen at coronations, and the sitting at the King's right hand during the necessarily subsequent banquet, for which they received the canopy and accompaniments as a fee.

At a time when the enterprise of their mariners secured

be supplied from each port was thus proportioned in a scale which shows their relative importance. Dover furnished twenty-one, Winchelsea ten, Hastings six, Sandwich, Hythe, Romney, and Rye, five each.

The significance of this service, the far-reaching benefits which its accomplishment handed on to the England that was to be, throws into shade all other of the Cinque Ports rights and transactions, stained or rendered ridiculous as they are by grotesque violences consistent with the records of Feudality, not from any viciousness in that great system, but from the

necessary environments of violence which its edicts were in so large a measure framed to repress. The uniform of this self-constituted Navy, the coats of white cotton with the red cross, the royal badge, and the half lion, half ship, the arms of the port underneath, effaces all memories of trumpets sounded at midnight at Romney on the election of a mayor, of houses pulled down at Dover and Rye in the event of mayors proving recalcitrant as regards oaths, of dignitaries turned into the night with wife and family, and doors sealed behind them at Romney, Winchelsea, and Hastings in a like eventuality; of thieves thrown from cliff tops at Dover or Folkestone, of women smothered in the marshes at Sandwich or drowned in the Delf. No! On reading of that uniform of the Cinque Ports the heart of England is stirred, and criticism is blind to mediæval atrocities when it reflects that in that self-constituted Navy may have sailed ancestors in example, if not in blood, of the sea-dogs whose daring deflected the trade of the Indies, who scattered the galleons of Spain off Gravelines, or of a later offspring who, at a not less glorious moment in history, broke the double line of France and Spain in the bay of Trafalgar.

Of the quaint and manifold beauties of these old towns it is not necessary to speak, in face of the accompanying Illustrations. Dover Castle, that key of England, with its memories of Hubert de Burgh's heroic defence which saved England from a French dynasty; Hythe, with its High Street; Sandwich's Barbican Gate, the ruined church of St. Nicholas, the unparalleled Mermaid Street at Rye, are all shown here by an art more vivid than words, and which is not more truthful or more graphic in its portrayal of the quaintness of mediæval architecture abounding in these old towns, than it is in its rendering of the characteristic scenery in which two of the most picturesque of them are situate.

The singular charm of an ideally level land must be felt by all who have wandered round the two "old towns" of the Cinque Ports, who have watched Winchelsea cresting its green heights in the morning sun, and Rye's towers and gables shining above the level marshes.

Scenic description, however, apart, a few notes may be permissible here of the vicissitudes of these historic defences of early England, whose narrow streets seem even now, to all who have read that constant succession of desperate shocks which constitute their history, to steam and stream with blood, to ring to the clangour of alarm-bells, the shouts of defenders,



THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

to them the almost exclusive commerce with France, Spain, and Italy, it will be apparent that the rights accorded were real and tangible enough. But it is not the rights, but the service for which they were granted, which is the really important point in their story, and which lends to it a national dignity all its own.

For the service rendered by the Ports in return for these favours was nothing less than supplying England with an established Navy, and by the act unconsciously laying the foundations of that maritime supremacy which is still the envy and admiration of the world. By an ordinance of Henry III. the Ports had to provide fifty-seven ships, each carrying twenty-one men and a boy, to serve the King at their own cost for fifteen days, and as long after as they might be wanted, if paid. The scale of pay may raise a smile, till the difference in value of the coinage is considered. The master of each ship received sixpence a day; the constable sixpence; every one of the rest threepence; while the list of ships to

THAT Mr. W. H. Smith should be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports must seem fitting enough to everybody who is familiar with aquatic associations. A mile or so below Henley Bridge is Greenlands, a delightful retreat which could not belong to anyone but a waterman of the first magnitude. Many are the mansions which decorate the banks of the Thames, but this house of Mr. Smith's has a subtle intimacy with the river—its lawn is the very spot to land from a trim-built wherry; the shade of gracious trees and the brilliancy of huge parterres of flowers lend themselves in some indefinable way to suggestions of commodious launches, excellent lunches, and a gentle stroll on the green velvet of the turf at the close of day. Greenlands is not far from the island, adorned with a quaint temple, which marks one end of the course of the Henley Regatta. On this festival Greenlands sheds the radiant benevolence of a kindred spirit. No sculler can pass the place without the reflection that Mr. Smith is the prince of skippers. Yachting men, indeed, must have greeted the new Lord Warden's appointment with unusual satisfaction, for none of his recent predecessors can be said to have had much taste for the sea; and, besides, Mr. Smith's administration of the Navy has made him an authority on all manner of craft, from an ironclad to a dingy.

Mr. Smith's ill-health has unfortunately made it impossible to instal the new Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports with the ancient ceremonials; but we may call attention once more to that strange batch of historic harbours which in times past have played so active a part in the maritime history of England, but among which two only can now be said to afford practical harbourage at all, while the rest have long since passed from the sphere of utility into the twilight of legend.

Hastings, Dover, Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney formed the original Cinque Ports, and to them Winchelsea and Rye were subsequently added under the title of "Old Towns." Concerning the origin of the first members of the group, the usual amount of speculation has been rife; but whether they were a mere partial revival of the nine great fortresses which, in later Roman times, the Count of the Saxon Shore had under his command (and the sites of some of which are almost identical), or whether their inauguration was a matter purely Norman, is altogether beside an issue which points to the object of their creation with a distinctness hardly to be misunderstood.

This object was, no doubt, the final outcome of the policy of the Conqueror, who looked upon the sea-lines of Sussex and Kent as the grand outwork of the conquest, and betrayed a never-ceasing vigilance that the lines of his communication with France should be secured. The surrender of Dover Castle, the very key of this position, had been one of the stipulations in the famous oath which in Edward's lifetime he had extorted from Harold, and the possession of this stronghold but put that policy into force which, by severing this maritime district wholly from the civil and military administrations of Sussex and Kent, enabled its governors to wield its resources with greater vigour and effect, and which created that anomaly of Palatine jurisdiction in the midst of Feudality which has been, throughout the history of the Cinque Ports, their distinguishing trait. The guardian or warden held his seat of administration at Dover Castle; the jurats and barons, who composed the internal constitution of each port at a time when the English municipalities in general were subjected to the most rigorous enslavement, were trading settlers from William's dominions. They had duties sufficiently onerous to perform, and in return for their performance of them were granted certain extraordinary rights.

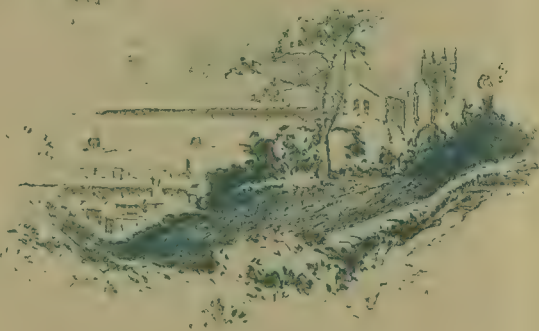
Into the details of these rights it is not necessary to enter at any length in the limits of a survey necessarily brief. For practical purposes it will be sufficient to note the fact that the towns of the Cinque Ports were entirely self-governed, that their barons traded toll-free in every corporation, were exempt from all military service in the field, and, for whatever offence committed, could only be tried by their peers, before the Lord Warden or the King in person. The Parliamentary representatives of the Ports claimed, moreover, as their right, from time immemorial, the carrying of

and the clash of invading armies. Of all of them, curiously enough as it seems to those who see them in their present state, the two "old towns" of Winchelsea and Rye suffered the most in that almost incessant assault to which they were all in varying degrees subject. The history of Winchelsea, indeed, reads as one continual record of inundation and incendiaryism. The original town, after suffering from three successive inroads of the sea, was finally completely demolished by it in 1288, and the new town then erected on its present site took its place as an object of covetousness to the French. "Situate it is," writes Camden (who saw it, not in all its glory of subdivision into thirty-four squares, but in the days of Elizabeth, who, in spite of its declension to sixty households, was enabled to call it Little London), "situate it is on a very high hill, very steep on that side which looks towards the sea, or overlooks the road where the ships be at anchor; whence it is that the way leading from that part to the haven goes not straight-forward, lest it should by a downright descent force those that go down to fall headlong, or them that go up to creep rather on their hands than walk; but, lying sideways, it winds with crooked turns in and out to one side and the other."

The apparent inaccessibility of a port thus protected by nature, by strong walls, and sea gates, proved no bar to the activity of the French. In 1359, during the absence of Edward III. in France, 8000 of the enemy effected a landing, set fire to the town, and killed many of the inhabitants, who were assembled in church at Mass; and the reprisals which



High Street



The long roll of the town's military disasters ended here, to be succeeded by one of another character, which was fatal, not only to its commerce, but to its very life. A gradual recession of the sea struck a deadlier blow than successive French invasions could give, and left this Portsmouth or Southampton of the fifteenth century destitute of the very principle of its existence. The fate that was to overtake all but two of the Cinque Ports had fallen on the first of its "old towns," and inevitable fading and decay was the result. It was as if the sea were suddenly to retire two miles from our Folkestone or Dover. In an instant trade vanished. The troops for the



the absent English King made on Paris were at once avenged by a further sacking of Winchelsea by the French Navy under Count de St. Pol. In 1377 they again appeared off the coast, sacked Rye, and would for the third time have done the same for Winchelsea, but for a gallant defence of the town by the Abbot of Battle. John de Vienne was more successful in 1380, when, curiously enough, for the second time in their history, the inhabitants were caught in church when they should have been on the ramparts; and it is supposed that the act of incendiaryism which has left nothing of the beautiful church of St. Nicholas but a chancel and side aisles was one result of the sentries' pious forgetfulness of elementary duties. The disasters of Winchelsea were, however, not over yet; for it was attacked and fired by the French for the last time in 1449.



French wars sought another point of embarkation. The quays on which, on one dark night in December 1170, two of the murderers of Becket had stealthily landed, and where, on an August evening of 1350, Edward III., the Black Prince, and John of Gaunt disembarked from a victorious fleet, which had all day long, while the noise of battle rolled along the coast, withstood and triumphed over the combined attacks of France and Spain, were to welcome such celebrated seafarers no more. The glory of Winchelsea had departed, and less than the lapse of a century enabled an historian to describe the port which had been the envy of England's enemies, as a town endowed indeed with the same privileges as those other of the

Barbican Gate

Sandwich

J. B. R. 1891.





Cinque Ports to which it belonged, as still sending two burgesses to Parliament, though the electors were but few, but miserably decayed through the loss of its market, trade, and inhabitants of any note, and with grass growing in its paved streets to such an extent that this novel form of hay-harvest yielded £4 a year.

That withdrawing of the sea, which gave the death-blow to Winchelsea's splendour, lent an impetus to the prosperity of its sister city. Rye began to flourish as the older town decayed, and the very power which had contributed to the latter's ruin gave to the second of the "old towns" of the Cinque Ports a sudden importance, to which, without a revulsion of nature, it would, in all probability, not have attained. The sea, which had by its retirement sealed Winchelsea's death-warrant, provid, by an opposite activity, Rye's saving grace. For, as

if to make amends for the injury it had done in the one instance, it broke, swelled by an extraordinary tempest, with such violence on Rye's embarrassed harbourage that it converted it almost in a moment into a very convenient port.

And successive tempests contributed at subsequent periods to the same end.

The period of Rye's prosperity now began. The Ypres tower, built by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Stephen, looked down for the first time in the town's history, comparatively speaking, not on deserted streets ravaged by foreign armies, or pestilence bred from the neighbouring marsh (Rye had always the reputation of an unhealthy place), but on flourishing inhabitants, restored buildings, a growing fishing trade, an increased navigation, and a continual succession of going and coming celebrities, who now made this old town the point of embarkation

Municipal Reform Act, it still preserves many of the old Cinque Port customs which have died out elsewhere. Here the Central Courts were held after their removal from Shepway.

The history of these old towns runs so strangely on the same lines, and to the same fated end so remorselessly prepared of seaports made sterile by the sea's retirement, that about the remaining two (excepting Hastings and Dover, whose record he that travels in excursion-trains may read) little remains to be said. It will be sufficient to note that Hythe was once a most important harbour, and is now chiefly remarkable for a school of musketry, whose operations make caution on the part of the explorer absolutely necessary, and for the Castle of Saltwood, one mile distant, where, on the



for France. Among people who landed here in bad days and found in Rye a veritable harbour of refuge may be reckoned French Protestants fleeing from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and others turned into refugees by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Elizabeth and Charles II. may be numbered among the town's distinguished visitors, as also may be the first two of the Georges; but the last two distinguished personages, at all events, can hardly be claimed by the inhabitants as altogether complimentary additions to the guest-roll, seeing that they were brought to Rye whether they willed it or no, and were, in point of fact, driven into the place through stress of weather.

This last fact speaks eloquently for Rye Harbour, even so late as the beginning of the last century. But the fate which had shorn Winchelsea of its prosperity and significance was destined to overtake its sister town too; and the retirement of the sea for nearly two miles reduced Rye at last to the position which it now occupies of a mediæval seaport with difficult access to the ocean, and placed its utility as a Cinque Port on the same plane as that of the remaining towns of Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich, which had all suffered similarly from the caprices of nature, but periods before. The importance of Romney as a seaport, now two miles also from the sea, ceased altogether in the time of Edward I., when a great storm changed the course of the Rother, though it for a long while afterwards retained a certain dignified eminence as the most central of the Cinque Ports; and through being disfranchised by the Reform Act, and, in consequence, escaping the operation of the



Rye from the Rother

night of Dec. 28, 1170, the four knights, two of whom had landed at Dover and two at Winchelsea, assembled to concert the murder of Becket; and that Sandwich, according to Camden the most ancient of the Cinque Ports (though I believe that Hastings in this respect bears away the palm), is, perhaps, in spite of railway influence, from an archaeological point of view, the most interesting of them all. The harbour here only began to be difficult of access in 1500. A longer period than the other towns had enjoyed was, therefore, granted for Sandwich's commercial development. As a result,

in the time of Edward IV. the customs of the place yielded annually £17,000; and in 1446 the recorder of the Bohemian Ambassador, who paid the place a visit (just as a foreign envoy might visit Portsmouth now), was unable to conceal his diplomatic admiration at this resort of ships from all quarters of the world, at the agility of the sailors running up and down the masts, and at the bands of musicians who walked the streets all night long, proclaiming which way the wind blew.

And now all has dissolved like a dream! Of the commercial greatness and glory of the Cinque Ports nothing remains except such prosperity as comes to Dover from its position as a harbourage and the present point of departure for France, or to Hastings from that gain which follows visitors seeking sea-breezes. The destruction first wrought by the sea on the Cinque Ports has been completed by the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835. Their use has gone; their existence seems but a myth; though the Lord Warden, or his deputy, still presides at courts which are seldom held, and as Admiral of the Coast exercises that sort of jurisdiction which has been almost entirely modified by statute.

To the levelling sentiment of the day, then, it may seem that such a remnant of an institution as the Cinque Ports now is should be abolished immediately, since its work is done, and that the historic office which in former days directed its activity to great ends should cease at once, now that all life has left the body corporate. Such, perhaps, however, is not the view taken by those Englishmen who have read the records of their race, who have realised the noble infection of example, and who believe that splendid associations are half the foundation of a nation's greatness. The petty pilferings of municipal corruption, the Parliamentary scandals of close boroughs—crimes justly laid to the charge of the Cinque Ports, when the retiring of the sea had removed the great sphere of action

from them—will be looked upon by people with such views as but regrettable stains on a splendid escutcheon, incurred rather through an adverse fate and the resistless circumstance of change than by any action which should call for retaliation or should cloud for a moment the memory of great deeds.

Perhaps, from his political sympathies and temperament alike, the new Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports will look with acquiescence on such views. He will, then, in assuming office reflect, not without pride, and in spite of the criticism of those who can see nothing animate in any institution created earlier than the day before yesterday, that his position, though shorn now of responsibility and power, was once an immense factor in the safeguarding of England, and has been held by some of the greatest names which adorn her history. At Dover he may recall his earlier ancestors in office: John de Fiennes, the first Constable and Warden, who took his insignia of office from the Conqueror's hand; and that Hubert de Burgh whose defence of the castle saved England from a foreign occupation; and the great Earl of Shrewsbury, whose mere name's mention struck terror into the French; and those two Alards, grandsire and grandson, who lie under splendid canopies in St. Nicholas's Church at Winchelsea. These, indeed, and others as famous, were the new Lord Warden's official ancestors in an age when the Ship of State

was guided by mailed hands, and the path to England's prosperity and power had to be hewn through determined enemies, and held, when gained, at the point of the sword. Such memories, then, are fitly linked with the great Castle at Dover.

But Walmer, one of Henry the Eighth's "block-houses," and now the Lord Warden's official residence, will evoke in its new occupant recollections of a later date, and more in keeping, perhaps, with the spirit of to-day. Here the dignities of the ancient office descended on the shoulders of modern men. The names of William Pitt, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Palmerston, and the late Lord Granville should reconcile in their latest successor any inconsistency which may appear to lie in the acceptance of a post formerly essentially martial by one who has won eminence as a statesman alone. But whatever may be, or may not be, the new Lord Warden's feelings towards his predecessors in office, he will remember that it is to the influence of the old decayed towns of the Cinque Ports that that office owes primarily its true significance and strength; and that the Cinque Ports, in spite of seas withdrawn and influence vanished and privileges debarred, can never be a dead letter in English institutions, or fail to stir sympathy in English hearts, so long as that credit is brought home to them, which is in common fairness theirs, of having laid the foundations of the Fleet.

W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM.



THE LORD WARDEN'S HOME, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.



"THE OLD PILOT."

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

REMINISCENCES À LA SUMPIL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The world has been greatly guilty of many Reminiscences in recent years. Everyone has devastated us with his diary, told us whom he met at dinner, and what compliments were paid to him, if he was an actor. Reminiscences of this kind interest that large dull public which cares to read only about people. About the people themselves and their work it has no concern. It revels in learning that Mr. A smokes cigarettes, that Mrs. B has a Spanish complexion, that Senator K takes nines in gloves. Little paragraphs of this kind occupy much space in American journals, and lead the philosopher to wonder whether, in course of time, democracy will produce universal imbecility.

A very humorous parody of reminiscences and twaddle about people has been produced by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. His work is entitled "Lady Belcher and her Friends" (Hurst and Blackett). It is just possible that all reviewers may not recognise the irony of this volume; but charity prompts us to believe the best, and we may hope that the remarks attributed to Lady Belcher are now published as a warning to all who deal in reminiscences. Thus (page 245) we find Lady Belcher exploring the remote and trackless wilds of Bournemouth. "The sun rises on the east window . . . goes round the house and the bow-window in front, and sets gloriously on the west side." Let this reassure voyagers who may have been led to believe that at Bournemouth the sun habitually, or occasionally, rises on the west window, goes round the house, and sets gloriously on the eastern side. Next we read: "Mrs. H— is particularly nice, and has been a cook in large families." Then it is much to Mrs. H—'s credit that she is still particularly nice. But who, except the large dull public, wants to know about this friend of Lady Belcher's? "She was for many years in Lord Exeter's service, and was converted by the second son to be one of the Open Brethren sect. 'What,' asks Lady Belcher, 'shall we have next?' 'What, indeed? Yet this really is of moment. Think of the second son frequenting the kitchen, so great is his interest in the cook's spiritual welfare, and unfolding to her gaze, among the chops and steaks, the mystic doctrines of the Open Brethren and sisters. What are they? Why does not Lady Belcher describe the religions of the natives? Are the brethren Mahatmas? Do they keep open house, or what is the significance of their title? Have they unfolded their doctrines in a novel? Are they mixed up with the Prophet Harris? Soon after we read, 'Bishop Thirlwall also had a lady correspondent.' Why also? Did she write to him at his club, and was the Bishop angry when the porter forwarded his letters to his house? We want to know more, if anything. Most of us have lady correspondents. 'Happy is he who knows them not!' Here is a general reflection: 'Sir Edward has been ill since August. . . . How strange—his neighbour, Lord Tenterden, died in September!' Why strange? It is very true we must all die, but most people have got over the sense of oddity which this arrangement originally produced in the human mind. 'Lord Tenterden was standing by the River Lynes, fishing,' when he paid the debt of Nature. And how can man die better? 'The Sumners' tea-party' (let us turn to gayer reminiscences) 'was very pleasant. I met Lady Bruce, who came and spoke to me.' That was an event of which the record well deserved to be printed. When our civilisation is dust, the Mr. Flinders Petrie of the future may discover out of the wreck of literature a page of Lady Belcher, and learn that Lady Bruce came and spoke to her. Lady Belcher 'thought Serjeant Cox a clever man.' She thought concerts 'might elevate the thoughts of the poorer classes.' She was 'much pleased with Canon Farrar's 'Eternal Hope.' 'Das ist sehr interessant. The back dining-room was her favourite sitting-room. She owned the skin of a fine ant-eater and other curiosities. 'How many *mots* have passed within the walls of this house!' cries the enthusiastic biographer, and he mentions the bishops, judges, and knights whom he has met there, and other wits, but he gives few examples of the *mots*. Here is one: "'Lady Belcher is fond of society, and she shines in it,' a gentleman observed to me." One prefers a *mot* attributed to Miss Cobbe: "To read in Browning's poems is like riding in a hansom cab, with a lame horse, over a rough road." Lady Belcher says that Mr. Matthew Arnold "was justly severe on Carlyle, who had lashed him several times." Was it done in public? Was it done, as when Mr. Carlyle was a schoolmaster, with a fire-shovel? Mr. Carlyle is believed to have said that Mr. Arnold was "a gawky goose, with a kind of sense in him," which was very high praise from Mr. Carlyle. Occasionally Lady Belcher criticises the classics: "How fine were some of Cicero's and Virgil's ideas!" These pagans also stated their ideas very nicely: "They were great men according to the light given to them," and indeed they had never read Canon Farrar.

"Mr. Kegan Paul said Emerson was nothing but a soap-bubble." This was hard on an ingenious writer. Lady Belcher herself calls Mr. Browning "the worthy poet." She "does not think much of Lord Tennyson's new volume," but "Cowper is indeed a poet—it is so refreshing to read his works." In earlier years Lady Belcher once met a curtseying little old lady. "Who is that lady?" inquired Lady Belcher. "The once celebrated Tagliani," was the reply.

"Society is now so large that it is necessary to be careful in conversation at parties," she says, but there is no dangerously exciting conversation in this remarkable collection worth remembering. Lady Belcher, meeting Mr. Froude at dinner, and not knowing him, asked how Mr. Froude could write a preface to a certain volume. This did show a certain ignorance of the world, but perhaps society is now very mixed. Lady Belcher heard M. Renan lecture: "He could be very witty, and was so—from the peals of laughter and stamping." This does suggest that Lady Belcher heard the thunder but failed to see the lightning.

If anyone looks at the index of this humorous work he will find plenty of famous names. For example, try Thackeray (page 120): "Lady Belcher knew Thackeray's mother." This is hardly adequate. Mr. Thackeray again appears (page 191) in connection with American securities. Of Mr. Carlyle we learn that, when a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, he corrected a pupil with a fire-shovel. Of Thomas Campbell, we hear that he fell asleep in the drawing-room after dinner.

So the stream of prattle runs, by no means so enthralling as the recollections of Thackeray's Captain Sumpil. Is it uncharitable to regard such a book as a voluntary *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern *ana*, which are full of names, yet contain not a word worth hearing about the owners of the names. Lady Belcher was doubtless a kind, good, excellent woman, not at all brilliant, hospitable, but by no

means entertaining. The tail of the comet of clever society passed almost within her orbit, but lent it a very faint and ephemeral glow. She remembered nothing of much moment; you find Scott in the index, and, looking for him, read that he had not yet rendered Arthur's Seat historical. Yet the prattle about Lady Belcher is but a trifle more unimportant than the majority of such literature, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

BLANTYRE CHURCH, NYASSALAND.

East Africa and South Africa, of late years, have become frequent topics of description and discussion as fields of enterprise for two influential British companies, with royal charters and possibilities of remunerative business, either in commerce or in the direct search for gold. There is another region of Africa which has a different claim on public interest, and where it is likely that something may be done for the redemption of African heathenism and savagery, and for the rescue of an oppressed and helpless race of natives from the cruelties of the internal slave-trade. The shores of Lake Nyassa, and the highlands to the south of that lake, accessible by the River Shiré, a tributary of the Lower Zambesi, form the region explored by Livingstone and selected by him, which, above all, is best adapted to missionary operations, and to be the headquarters of philanthropic labours for the benefit of native Africa. It is here that the Scottish Presbyterian Church and the English Episcopalian Church—the latter by the Universities' Mission, under Bishop Mackenzie—have endeavoured, working in and by the same Christian spirit, to establish an effective organisation. The story of each undertaking has been repeatedly told: it has comprised some incidents of disaster and temporary failure; but we have now to present a signal token of successful progress. The Established Church of Scotland is especially to be congratulated on the achievements of its great missionary, the Rev. David Clement Scott, B.D., at Blantyre, in the highlands above the left or east bank of the Shiré River; a place necessarily of the first importance, standing on the road which must be traversed overland from the Shiré River, which is not navigable higher up, to reach the shores of Lake Nyassa. Plantations and agricultural settlements, in which Messrs. Buchanan and Moir have engaged, with good prospects of success, at Mandala and Zomba, have arisen in this district, while the Mission Settlement, connected with those at the south end of Lake Nyassa, appears to be thriving



BLANTYRE CHURCH, SHIRE HIGHLANDS, EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

and doing remarkably good work. There is, to our knowledge, no establishment of the kind, in any part of the globe, more deserving of approval and support.

It is from a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Horace Waller, Rector of Twywell, Thrapston, well known as the editor of Livingstone's "Last Journals," and as a high authority on African geography and ethnography, that we have received the interesting communication now demanding our notice. As a visible demonstration of the progress of the Mission at Blantyre, our readers will perhaps regard with some astonishment the View, published this week, of such a building as Mr. Scott's new church, erected in the interior of Africa; an edifice which would be creditable to any town or city in Great Britain, and which is said, truly for aught we know, to be the handsomest church in Africa, including such cities as Capetown, Port Elizabeth, and Durban. It has been constructed, of course, entirely by free labour, as Mr. Scott and his missionary colleagues have trained the Manganja natives to work for wages in making bricks, hewing timber, burning lime, and other industries. Mr. Scott has been his own architect, with the assistance of Mr. John McIlwain, the artisan missionary at Blantyre, and has also been much aided by his neighbour, Mr. David Buchanan, of Mount Zomba, who superintended the masonry work. The building materials, which are of the very best quality, were obtained wholly from the district, except the glass and some internal fittings. We do not learn the cost, or from what funds it is defrayed; but Scotland and England ought to provide for any deficiency, if it be really felt a point of national honour to sustain the institutions of Christian civilisation in Africa. The new church was opened on Whit Sunday, when thirty native converts joined the European residents in partaking of the Holy Communion.

By the recent political and administrative arrangements, this region of Africa is placed under the control of a British Commissioner, Mr. H. H. Johnston, whose experience and abilities in African affairs, with his valuable contributions to the literature of those topics, are widely known. We give the following impressive extract from our correspondent's writing upon this occasion—

"Livingstone's plans for the salvation of the country have been loyally followed out—his aspirations more than realised. Hard by the spot where this church rears its head—so marvellously in harmony with the stupendous pinnacles and domes of the Milanje range, which have certainly given Mr. Scott his inspiration—the writer of these words helped Livingstone to wrench the first slave-sticks from the necks of a captive gang; and the traffic is now slowly sinking away before the busy free labour which is attracted to the coffee and sugar plantations around the spot."

ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

A special service was held on Saturday, August 15, in Westminster Abbey, in memory of the late Mr. James Russell Lowell. Among the distinguished Americans present were the American Minister and Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Harrison (the daughter and daughter-in-law of the President of the United States), and the Secretaries of the American Legation. Archdeacon Farrar, by whom, in the absence of the Dean of Westminster, the arrangements for holding the service were made, delivered an eloquent address on the life, work, and character of the deceased poet. The hymn "For ever with the Lord" and the anthem "Blest are the Departed" (Spohr) were sung during the service, at the end of which the "Dead March" in "Saul" was impressively played upon the organ, the congregation rising and remaining standing until its conclusion. The "Dead March" was again played at the Sunday afternoon service.

At the Oxford University Extension gatherings Mr. Gore's lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans were a special attraction. Delivered partly extempore, partly from notes, partly from proofs, they produced as great an impression as his more elaborate Bampton Lectures.

The Rev. W. Lock, of Keble College, is busily engaged on his Life of Keble. Though not a large book, it is based, to a considerable extent, on original material, and is likely to hold the field.

In all about £5000 has been raised for the new church at Charlton, Dover, to which the Rev. Sidney Faithorn Green, of Miles Platting fame, has been presented by Keble College. Of this more than £1000 has been given by members of the English Church Union.

It is noticeable that the *Guardian* cordially approves Archbishop Walsh's declaration about divorce: "The guilt of adultery, so far from being washed away, is but deepened and blackened when the sinners, instead of turning from their evil ways, deliberately enter into a further compact to continue their sinful career." "The view too commonly taken," says the *Guardian*, "is that going through the form of marriage sometimes excuses the acts by which such a perverted ceremony has been made possible."

Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, is said to be contemplating a summer school of theology at Oxford.

The Rev. A. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, though in advanced life, is still able occasionally to preach. Though withdrawn for many years from active service in the Church, he has continued to officiate at intervals in the somewhat remote district of Ireland where he lives.

Bishop Blunt is to remain at Scarborough, but is to give up his archdeaconry.

The appointment of the Rev. George Tugwell, of Borthwick, to the vacant stall in Wells Cathedral has given general satisfaction.

It is said that the cathedral in Iona is likely to be restored, and that the island may yet return to its ancient grandeur. If so, the words of St. Columba, on the eve of his death, will be recalled—

In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
Instead of Monk's voice shall be lowing of kine,
But ere the world comes to end,
Shall be Iona as it was.

There is every indication of most successful gatherings at Rhyl during the first week of October, in connection with the Church Congress. The Bishop of St. Asaph will entertain a large party at the Palace, as will Dean Owen at the Deanery, while the gentry of the Vale of Clwyd will give a generous welcome to visitors. The Assembly of the Baptist Union will be held the same week in Manchester, and in the following week the Congregational Union will meet in Southport.

It is announced that, owing to the prolonged agricultural depression, the revenues of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury have been so

affected as to provide but little income for the cathedral body. Under these circumstances a proposal by General Pitt-Rivers, the well-known archaeologist, to purchase Old Sarum is being considered.

In conversation some time ago Bishop Westcott mentioned that one of the writers who had most profoundly influenced his thought and work was Comte.

The article on Père Didon's "Life of Christ" in the current *Church Quarterly* is said to be by Canon Scott Holland.

The Theological College at Bala, of which the Rev. T. O. Edwards, M.A., D.D., was recently appointed Principal, is no longer to be confined to students for the Welsh Presbyterian ministry. It is to be reopened at the end of September, and will be free to all denominations. The Rev. Principal Fairbairn, D.D., will preach at the reopening, and the Principals of the Welsh University colleges and of all the theological colleges have been invited to take part.

The parish church of Goodmanhood, which bears traces of Saxon work, is to be restored. Bede mentions it in his "Ecclesiastical History" under the name of "Godmunding-ham," and says it was the site of a Druidical temple, the high-priest of which was converted to Christianity by Paulinus, A.D. 627.

There seems to be every chance of establishing a bishopric of Birmingham. Already £30,000 has been promised, and this will be raised to £50,000 so as to secure £1500 a year. The ex-Bishop of Worcester will contribute £800 a year out of his retiring pension, and this, with other payments to be derived from the surplus income of the mother parish, will supply the £3000 required by Parliament. The Rectory of St. Philip's will probably become the episcopal residence.

The Rev. T. Lucius Morgan, formerly minister of the English Presbyterian Church at Beaumaris, has been presented to the rectory of Lydham, Salop.

A gentleman has offered to place the sum of £10,000 to the credit of the Bishop of Carlisle for the augmentation of ten poor benefices in that diocese. The name of the donor is not to be allowed to transpire, but the money will be paid in the course of a few days. The Bishop is hopeful that so good an example may be copied.

The Earl of Idlesleigh wishes it to be known, not only that his eldest son, Lord St. Cyres, has not joined the Roman Catholic Church, but that "he has no intention of doing so." It was stated, on what seemed to be good authority, that he had "openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House, in South London."

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

An excellent worthy, some years ago, presented to the parish of which I have the honour to be rector a secondhand clock, which has been ticking intermittently ever since in the church-tower. It was a generous gift, and the people are proud of the ancient timepiece. We are not of those who look a gift-horse in the mouth, and it is not every parish that has a clock which strikes the hours and has some pretension to keep the time when it is duly watched and wound up and treated with loyal deference. We do not expect too much of our clock. It is a thing to boast of, even though it be not exactly a thing of beauty; it has its own way of going and its own way of stopping too, and is entirely to be depended on for one thing—and that is for not being too rigidly uniform in its habits. In fact, our clock is a wayward clock; it prides itself on not being as other clocks are. Fifty times a day do fond eyes gaze at it, and the passers-by on the road to the nearest market town may often be heard exclaiming with a glad surprise, "Why! that clock's a-going to-day," and then they pull out their watches and compare notes.

When our benefactor gave us that clock, another excellent worthy presented us with a sundial, and fixed it up with carefully calculated precision upon the south porch. It is an admirable dial, exact, unpretentious, silent as the grave, faultless, and absolutely to be trusted; yet—such is the perversity of human nature—I never saw a human being turn his eyes to that sundial except he was one that I had taken the pains to show it to and bid him look at. Nobody cares for it, nobody respects it, nobody consults it, nobody believes it to be of the slightest use or admires it as an ornament. Why is this?

There is something in the nature of all of us which makes perfection appear insipid. It is irritating to find in anything no margin of error. In proportion as we eliminate the "personal equation," in that proportion we are face to face

for very various periods. He took careful notes and showed them to me. The "shark" kept on for nearly an hour, some persisted only for five or six minutes, some for half a day; but the prize of patient continuance was won by a plump little veteran, with a tortoiseshell case and a pretty little portrait of Charles I. inside it, certainly more than two hundred years old. This old relic actually went on for twenty-two hours. Surprised into unwonted activity after a sleep of centuries, it could not have enough of the joy of being awake again. For myself, I never in my life had a watch I could depend upon, but I only half regret the fact. I seldom miss a train, for I can always *calculate* what o'clock it is by making due allowances. Of course my watch plays tricks; so do my dogs, but it does not hurt me and it amuses them. I bear no malice to the one or the other—they are, each in his own sphere, interesting organisms. That I do not occasionally, in my weak and foolish moments, covet a better article to compare with my neighbour's sumptuous productions, is more than I can say, for pride *will* tempt us all at times, and no man likes to be jeered at for his "turnip." But there are clocks and watches that I would rather have as my own than the best that Dent ever dreamt of, though they should be jewelled in a hundred holes—such as that clock that the late Principal of Brasenose College showed me lovingly some twenty years ago. It was made to go on for a hundred years without winding. When I saw it, it was solemnly swinging its long pendulum and keeping admirable time, as it had done, if I mistake not, for some ten or twelve years already. I hope it is still going on—bearing witness to the shortness of human life and the length of clock life. Was it this clock, or was it another, that kept note of all the changes of the calendar, and, when a leap year occurred, duly chronicled Feb. 29? But of all the watches that ever were, the most precious to me, if it could be recovered from the ruthless hands of the destroyers, would be Doctor Donne's watch, which he left by will to his "very worthy friend and

NEWQUAY, CORNWALL.

The rocky north coast of the Cornish peninsula, declining southward and opening grand views of the Atlantic Ocean, presents some of the finest prospects of sea and sky to be enjoyed on the shores of Britain. These are nowhere grander than from the headlands in the neighbourhood of Newquay and Mawgan, where the shore has a direct westerly aspect. Newquay is easily reached by a short branch of the Great Western Railway at Par Junction, beyond Lostwithiel. It is situated not far west of St. Columb Minor. It has special attractions in the romantic character of its rock scenery, its deep caves and fissures of the cliffs, and the wide expanse of hard sands, dry at low tide, which invite sea-bathing. It is a small town, which once, perhaps, thrived by smuggling, though now by honest trade. The "Old Fish Cellars," also the so-called "Tea Caverns," may in past times have served different uses. But it is the pilchard—a fish peculiar to these far western coasts, and known in its pickled state as "Cornish duck" when sold and eaten in the adjacent county of Devon—that chiefly engages the industry of a brave and hardy class of boatmen. The approach of a migratory shoal is anxiously watched, the "huer," or man appointed to raise the "hue and cry," keeping a constant look-out in the season at the "Huer's House," on the eastern point of the Beacon Hill. Beyond this, passing the coastguard station and crossing a sort of isthmus, rises the bold promontory of Towan Head, which commands a view of the whole coast on each side, from Kelsey Head northward to Trevoze Head, near Padstow.

Short excursions from Newquay bring the visitor to many interesting places. The nearest is Porth, with its cliffs, caves, and island, with Trevelga Head, at the east end of the bay, where is often seen, at certain times of the tide, the grand performance of the "Blowing-hole," when the pent-up air in a



THE NEW LIFE-BOAT AND CREW, ATHERFIELD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

with mere mechanism. Never to make mistakes is the characteristic of the low man. You may find a million knaves who in the course of their lives were never known to be wrong in adding up miles of figures. They are worth so many pounds a year to any haberdasher in the New Cut. That is all they are fit for. Seven pieces of tape at five farthings a piece, three ha'porth of pins from a twopenny box, half a card of hooks and eyes at threepence a card, with five hooks and seven eyes short, a pair of braces a trifle soiled at tenpence for three pairs, and two-and-a-half per cent. discount off the total for ready money. How much? The man will tell you in a twinkling, he's as true as my sundial! Do you love him? Not you! You'd as soon lose your heart to a pair of pincers. But you *do* get very fond of your watch, especially if it varies. You take it out much more often to find how *wrong* it is than to find out the time of day. When it stops without rhyme or reason, you shake it, and it probably thinks better of it and languidly consents to go for a little while longer; next day it starts off at a full gallop, and you find it has gained five minutes in twelve hours. That's a watch of some character, that is! But suppose all watches went like chronometers, who would carry one? The monotony of all men's watches saying exactly the same thing at every moment of the day or night would be sickening. I knew a man once who had a large collection of watches. They dated from fabulous ages, they came from distant lands, they included that famous "repeater" which the boatswain in "Peter Simple" was so proud of. One had been dented by a bullet at Waterloo; another had been cut out of a shark which had swallowed it in a sailor's breeches-pocket; and a lot of seven had been bought as a bargain of a mysterious villain who was suspected of having abstracted them from a pawnbroker's window. I asked my friend one day how many he had. "Sixty-two in all!" was the reply. "I wound them all up yesterday, and so I happen to know!" "Wound them up?—do you mean to say they all go?" His contemptuous astonishment was chilling. "Why, my good man, what do you suppose they were made for?" To say the truth, I had never looked at the matter in that light. It appeared, however, in pursuing my inquiries, that some of these articles did *not* go, for the sufficient reason that their mainsprings were broken; but the rest did actually begin to tick when the key was removed, and continued ticking audibly

kind brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grymes," describing it as "that *striking clock* which I ordinarily wear." To think of holding that in one's hand! It rested once near the great dean's heart—it answered to the pulses that were beating there. When he died it grew cold. What a life that watch must have led! What a joy to the little children when he drew it forth and made it strike the hours. Perhaps Shakspeare saw it, heard it, handled it; for was not Donne a "great lover of plays," as Ben Jonson testified of him? But who cares for Donne now? Alas! hero worship is surely on the decline. We adore the moderns and their new devices, and we bargain that our engine-turned playthings shall be up to the last fashion; and now our maidens must wear their watches on their wrists, and defy the tennis balls. And the moral of it all—what is the moral? "Madam," said Coleridge to the serious lady who inquired for the moral in "The Ancient Mariner"—"Madam, I never knew it had a moral."

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

LAUNCH OF A NEW LIFE-BOAT AT ATHERFIELD, ISLE OF WIGHT.

On Aug. 10, H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, attending in the place of Princess Beatrice, launched a new life-boat at Atherfield, a dangerous locality at the back of the Isle of Wight. The weather was fine, and there was a large concourse of spectators. Mrs. Catherine Swift, after whom the new craft has been named, left to the Royal National Life-boat Institution the sum of £700, by which the vessel has been provided, and also a boat-house. Special means for lowering the boat to the shore have also been constructed. The christening ceremony was gracefully performed by the Princess, and the act was announced by loud cheering. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg (Governor of the Isle of Wight); Lady Sophia Macnamara and Major A. J. Bigge, C.B., and Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, representing the parent institution, were also present. The royal party travelled by rail to Ventnor, and thence proceeded in an open carriage by road to Atherfield. Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. G. Knight, of High Street, Newport, Isle of Wight.

cavern half-filled by the sea forces upward a huge cloud of spray, issuing by the hole above, and rising to a majestic height. The "Banqueting-hall Cavern," the "Cathedral Cavern," the "Boulder Cavern," and the "Fern Cavern," along this part of the beach and at Watergate, are very remarkable. A longer excursion to the north-east, seven miles from Newquay, brings the tourist to Bedruthen "Steps," where beneath a grand range of cliffs, at some points 360 ft. high, a series of isolated rocks, like stepping-stones, extends between two headlands. The effects of the sea, in chopping and hewing such masses of granite into weird and grotesque shapes, may here be observed with wonder: an example of this is "Queen Bess Rock," which was at one time not unlike the figure of that royal lady, with her crown, high ruff, and stomacher. The pretty village of Mawgan, near this part of the coast, has many attractions for visitors. Not far from its fine old parish church is the Roman Catholic convent or nunnery of Lanherne, occupying the ancient manor-house of the Arundel family; the convent itself was formed about sixty years ago, as a place of refuge for some Flemish nuns who left Antwerp at the Belgian Revolution of 1831. The beautiful wooded park of Carnanton, belonging to Mr. Brydges-Williams, is in this pleasant vale.

Returning to Newquay, and walking a mile or two inland, one discovers other interesting local features; there is a tidal river called the Gannel, once navigable but now choked with sand, which has to be crossed, either at Pentre or at Tregunnel; and beyond this lie some inviting rural spots. The views of Tregunnel Farm, Penpoll, and Holywell, among our Artist's sketches, as well as the village of Crantock, are found in the country just at the back of Newquay. Crantock is said to have been a town of some traffic in remote ages, when the Gannel was a maritime port, and when mining and smelting industries employed a large population. To the west of this place is another part of the sea-coast, with several bays or inlets, bold jutting promontories, such as Kelsey Head and Pentre, and the Gull Rocks, the Chicks, and the Goose, around which the sea is always lively. Newquay, in short, from its very position, can never be dull; and people who had seen the sea before only at Brighton or Folkestone might well be surprised by the aspect of the true wide ocean on these far western shores.



LAUNCH OF A LIFE-BOAT AT ATHERFIELD, ISLE OF WIGHT, BY H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.

A BURMESE AFTERNOON CALL.

The Burmese, men and women, are polite folk; and their social etiquette, unlike that of some other Asiatic and European nations, permits ladies to call on a bachelor "sans peur et sans reproche"; at least if he be an English gentleman, like our friend who is favoured with such a visit as is seen in Surgeon Newland's photograph of the agreeable scene.

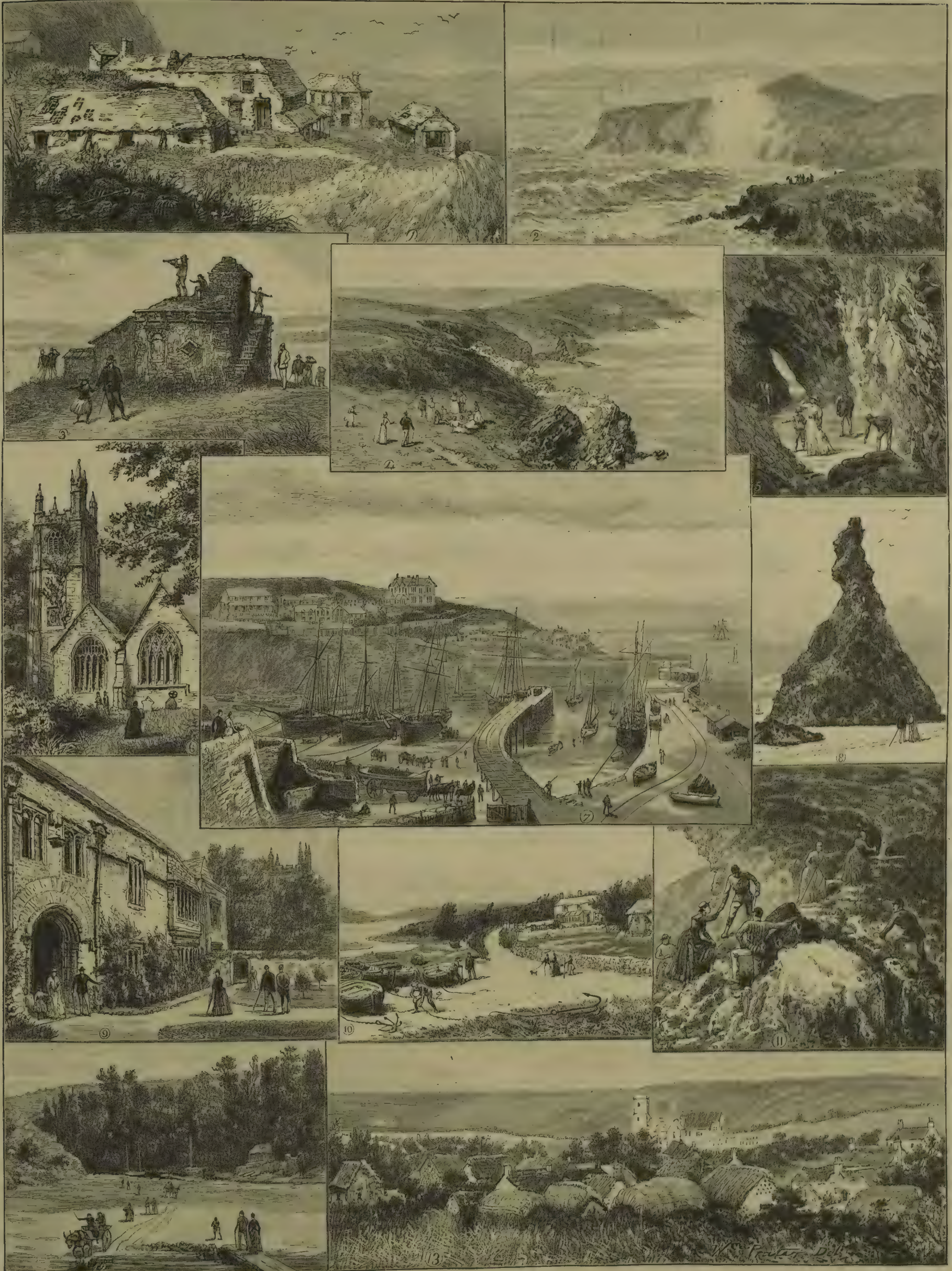
Tea and tobacco, in that country of few prejudices, may furnish regalement of both ingredients, acceptable to feminine guests as well as consistent with the host's private habitual comforts; these village matrons have also brought him a present of fruit, and are pleased to show him their children. If he has not a picture-book, a musical box, or anything of that kind wherewith to entertain them, he can show them his watch, or the photographs of his friends at home, or the last Number of the

Illustrated London News which those friends have judiciously sent him. In general, it would be a good rule for travellers in such countries, and for resident officers of the civil or military service, to be provided with some inexpensive means of amusing friendly native visitors. Talking is often difficult on similar occasions even among ourselves in England; with Burmese ladies it may be an impossibility for the European host.



A BURMESE AFTERNOON CALL: THE LADIES OF THE VILLAGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON A. G. E. NEWLAND.



1. Old Fish-Cellars.
2. The Blowing-Hole.

3. The Huer's House.
4. The Headland.

5. Tea Caverns.
6. Mawgan Church.

7. Newquay Harbour.
8. Queen Bess Rock.

9. Convent at Mawgan.
10. Tregunnel Farm.

11. Holywell.
12. Penpoll.
13. Crantock Village.

SKETCHES AT TRÈVES, ON THE MOSELLE.

The interesting ancient city which the Germans call "Trier," and other people call "Trèves," each name being fairly derived from that of the Treviri, a powerful nation of Belgic Gauls notable in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar, is just now, for the third time in the nineteenth century, made the scene of an ecclesiastical festival, to be prolonged during six weeks, attending the exhibition of the "Holy Coat," or "Sacred Tunic," believed to have been worn by Jesus Christ on the day of His crucifixion.

This relic is preserved in the Cathedral of Trèves, behind



SELLING POULTRY.

the high altar, and is supposed to have been conveyed from Jerusalem by order of the Empress Helena, in the reign of the Emperor Constantine, when he resided at "Augusta Trevirorum." It was first publicly exhibited nearly seven hundred years ago, in 1196, when it was placed in a chest under the new altar. There it rested till 1511, when the Emperor Maximilian I. wished it to be exhibited, which was done in that year. Pope Leo X. about this time promised indulgence to all who made the pilgrimage to Trèves. In the years 1531, 1545, 1553 it was also shown, despite the opposition of Luther; again in 1583, 1594, and 1635. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, when the French under Louis XIV. invaded Germany, the precious relic was hidden in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. There, in 1725, the Elector of Cologne was allowed to see it. At Ehrenbreitstein the coat was kept till after the Seven Years' War. After the last exhibition there in 1765, it was brought back to Trèves, but it had to be removed into the interior of Germany when Napoleon I. invaded the country. In 1810, another solemn exhibition was permitted to take place at Trèves; and Napoleon I. expressly forbade miracles to be performed on this occasion; yet the report of the Vicar-General Cordel says that gouty patients who were wheeled up walked away alone. The rulers of 1844 were more tolerant, and numerous miracles were reported. Last year the Bishop of Trèves appointed a special Commission to examine the condition of this venerated relic. The following is the official description—

"The relic in its entirety consists of three layers of stuff fixed one over the other, the top piece being mostly of silk, with a pattern on it; the under one of a gauzy fabric, rather like crêpe de Chine. The age of the gauze it is impossible to determine. It may be concluded that the silk stuff came from the East, and most probably originated between the sixth and ninth centuries. The coloured pattern consists of dark-yellow and purple stripes, the ground in large squares formed of narrow braid. Within these squares one recognises two birds turned towards each other, with a piece shaped like a hook or lancet at the back of the head, a branch in front of the beak, and a rod under the claws. Between the upper and under stuffs are decayed pieces spread



IN THE MARKET-PLACE: THE QUACK DOCTOR.

out between the two layers of stuff. These decayed parts belonged without doubt originally to the Holy Vestment. This plain brownish-coloured stuff is, according to all appearances, of linen or cotton. The upper and under stuffs were evidently intended to preserve the vestment lying between them, and this is the reason why at different times, as necessity required, they were added. The age of the inside stuff can also not be determined; in any case, it is older than the stuffs covering it. The material and workmanship leave no room for doubting the tradition concerning the vestment. In the present state of the inner stuff an



DIETRICH'S STRASSE.

examination as to whether seams originally existed gave no results. But there is no reason for supposing any to have existed, for what seams there are belong to the top and bottom stuffs, and give one the impression of being necessarily seams made in later years. On the neck and on the bottom hem are the remains of a wide border with a pattern, on which the colours red and green are easily discernible. Two parallel stripes of the border ran, as scraps prove, from the neck to the bottom. Twenty cords fall from the neck, eighteen of which are in good condition. They are formed of threads laid parallel to one



RALZNER STRASSE.

another, consisting seemingly of silk. The length of the cords varies from four to ten centimètres, the width from six to one centimètre. Large pieces of the inner stuff are to be found on the inside of the back, under the turned-back gauze which forms a sort of pocket. Over the surface and under the stuff bearing the bird pattern there are remains of a green-patterned stuff. All the patterns, especially those of the birds, were very accurately sketched by Father Beissel

and the architect, Herr Wirtz." The report goes on to describe the labours of some experts to mend the vestment, and to clear it of dust and mould, after which it was carefully placed in a leaden chest, and the latter enclosed in three wooden chests. The pilgrim visitors who will pray at the altar in Trèves certainly believe in the genuineness of this relic, and the Bishop of Trèves has received a letter from Pope Leo XIII. to the effect that he approves of the exhibition of the "Sacred Tunic," and recognises the necessity of utilising the advantage accruing from the restoration of peace between Church and



SELLING BUTTER AND EGGS.

State in Germany for strengthening the Faith. His Holiness also grants an indulgence to all pilgrims.

The subjects of our present Sketches, however, belong to the ordinary aspects of the town and its population, and to its monuments of historic antiquity, including grand Roman structures of the fourth century. The most remarkable of these is the Porta Nigra, originally Porta Martis, a double arch forming the gateway into the Roman city; this massive edifice is 99 ft. high, 125 ft. wide in front, and 54 ft. from front to back; its two semicircular arches, 24 ft. high, are surmounted by two storeys of upper buildings, with six arched windows in each storey, and with ranges of small columns between the windows; at each side rises a flanking tower, but one of the towers, higher than the other, is annexed to the Church of St. Simeon, built in the eleventh century. Of the Roman amphitheatre at Trèves there are but few remains. This city, as the abode of the Emperors Constantius, Constantine the Great, Julian, Valentinian, Valens, Gratian, and Theodosius, was long second only to Rome in political importance. The imperial palace must have been of immense magnitude; some fragments of its walls now remaining are 90 ft. high and 10 ft. thick, and the baths are worthy of inspection. The Cathedral, founded by the Empress Helena, and dedicated to St. Peter, was rebuilt in the Middle Ages, of alternate layers of stone and brick, and in the earliest Byzantine style of architecture. The Archbishops of Trèves, as Princes and Electors of the "Holy Roman" or German Empire, were considerable potentates until long after the era of the Protestant Reformation. Besides the Cathedral, this city possesses the Liebfrauenkirche, a graceful circular building of the thirteenth century, and other churches deserving admiration. The bridge over the Moselle stands on a substructure of Roman date. At the village of Ygel, six miles from Trèves, is one of the most remarkable Roman monuments of its kind—a memorial obelisk, 70 ft. high, elaborately sculptured, commemorating some of the Secundini family. Trèves is reached in eight hours by steam-boat up the Moselle from Coblenz, or from Cologne by railway. It is a place meriting at any time the attention of Rhineland tourists, quite irrespective of the religious festival or pilgrimage of the "Holy Coat" this year.



KATHERINE'S QUAY.



OLD COURT NEAR THE BASILICA.

A BOOK-COLLECTOR'S TRAGEDY.

"I possess the finest private library in England—five hundred volumes—all standard works."

The remark was irrelevant. Nothing had been said that could be tortured into the most distant reference to literature. I had just paid a cheque for a small balance our firm owed to Milbank, Watson, and Co. While Milbank's old cashier was making out the receipt he brought the conversation round to his library. There was something unusually unprincipled in his way of doing it.

"This," he said, folding up the cheque, "will square up the books. Talking about books, I may say that I have the finest private library in England."

Some signs of incredulity I showed involved me in a detailed description of his collection.

"On the first shelf, on the right hand side of the door, is Hume and Smollett's History of England, sixteen immense volumes."

He dwelt upon this title as if the mere repetition of it did him good. While he was giving the names and positions of his volumes I had a good opportunity for studying him. Although, when I knew him better, the shabbiness of his clothes often disturbed me, it did not strike me at first; probably because the old man was completely unconscious of it himself. He was evidently well on in years—he could scarcely have been less than seventy—but his eyes were as blue and eager as a child's. This gave an indefinable incongruity to his appearance; the lines and wrinkles on his skin seemed out of place, as if his body had shrunk and aged without his knowing it—which I think was the case.

He wasted a great deal of my time—and I was not ignorant of its value. Did I not receive fifteen shillings a week from my employers for ten hours a day of it? Yes, I must confess that he interested me. After the first interview I frequently used to meet him at the confectioner's shop where I had my lunch. The lightness of this repast was in contrast with the literature I read during its progress, which was decidedly heavy. Recognising in me a kindred spirit, old Northcote used frequently to engage me in literary controversies, which I should have enjoyed more if I had been afforded an opportunity of expressing my opinions. Our discussions always had a tendency to lead to a description of the extent and selectness of Northcote's library. When I asked him one day what made him so intent upon book-collecting, he did not seem to know. It had always been so, he said. Ever since he had first come up to London as an office-boy his one passion had been book-buying.

As a book-collector I found he had two natures. At his best he would select some work because of its intrinsic worth, or what he imagined to be such, and acquire it by laborious self-denial. It was in this way, a volume at a time, that he had bought the Hume and Smollett of which he was so proud. But then he had baser moods—times when he was carried away by the lower passion of adding to his numbers. When this fit was upon him he would sally down to the book-stalls in the Farringdon Road and indulge freely in volumes marked "All in this box 2d. each." His works of divinity had, I think, been largely acquired in that way.

One day my old friend startled me by saying that he was about to have his library sold by auction. He was quite tired of books, he said; it would be a relief to be rid of them. In spite of his cheerful, almost boisterous, manner, I could see that something had gone wrong; but it was from another

advertised the sale well in the neighbourhood (Hackney), and I know he expected a large muster of book-lovers and *littérateurs*. If there were any such present, they were successful in concealing their identity. Most of the men seemed to attend sales professionally. A sprinkling of bargain hunting females of the lower middle class completed the attendance. As we entered the room a lot of smart-looking second-hand furniture was being sold. The conversation of the professional gentlemen suggested the idea that much of the furniture was already well known to them. By the time these things were knocked down most of the women had taken their departure.

When the time came for the books to be sold, Northcote left us to take a more conspicuous seat in the front row. At that moment I think he scarcely regretted the sacrifice. It was almost worth losing the library to have it publicly displayed in this manner. How everyone would admire the literary taste of the man who had brought such a collection together!

Directly the auctioneer started selling the books, it was evident that he was out of his depth. Had there been any



A QUIET STREET IN BAYREUTH.

littérateurs present, they would have been shocked at many of his statements. No one, though, seemed to know or care anything about books; really valuable works were knocked down for a mere song. I had with me my savings (a few shillings), which I had brought with the view of rescuing something for my old friend. Unfortunately, I spent them almost at once on an edition of Pope. Had I known how badly the books would go I might have done better. With the same sum I could have secured for him the Hume and Smollett itself. When the biddings were more than usually wretched, I could hear Mrs. Northcote calculating the fresh domestic sacrifices that would be called for. The Hume and Smollett had been kept to the last in the vain hope that the amount might be reached without it. It fetched only a few shillings, and then the sale was at an end.

The old man, who had sat through all immovably (except for a slight tremor when the sixteen immense volumes were knocked down), came slowly across the room like one lost in

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

XI.

A Letter from a Man to Himself, complaining of his conduct.

My dear Self,—Among the few people whom I have known ever since my infancy, I do not think there is one in whom I take a greater interest than in you. I have done much for you. I have worked for you. I have devoted myself entirely to your prosperity and happiness. I have shared your sorrows and your joys. Why, then, should we be such strangers? Why will you not take me more into your confidence? Surely the love and admiration which you have received from me have been constant enough to break down your reserve? Yet I do not know the reasons for some of your commonest actions; I have even wondered at times if you have any reasons. You behave very badly to me.

You smoke far too much. I have frequently remonstrated with you on this point. I have shown you what the leading men of science say about it. You know what my contempt is for anyone who allows himself to become the slave of a habit—especially when, as in your case, it is a filthy, unhealthy, and extravagant habit. I have entreated you to give it up, and I think that I have known you long enough to have some right to ask you to do so. You will not. I believe that you are smoking at this moment. You hear all my arguments, and then fill another pipe, as if those arguments had no meaning. I suppose that you must have some reason for persisting in such a course, and I think I should be allowed to know what the reason is. Sometimes you tell me that you do it to quiet your nerves. You know that to be untrue; you know perfectly well that you never have been conscious of having nerves. Your plea that you do it from sociality—because others do it—is equally false, for you cannot deny that you smoke just as much when you are alone. You are simply breaking my heart by such conduct. It is not only on this question of smoking that you neglect my wishes and tell me untruths; you are constantly having secrets from me and breaking your promises to me. You have promised me at different times that you would not sit up late; that you would not leave important letters unanswered; that you would keep accounts regularly; that you would read more really good poetry. You have made scores of promises to me, and you have kept none of them. One day you will try my affection too far, and I shall get to loathe you. I knew your father and mother very well, and naturally I should be reluctant to give you up. But you may drive me to it.

Then there is Miranda. Nothing could be more irrational than your conduct with regard to Miranda. She is not at all the kind of girl that would make you happy; she has no remarkably intellectual tastes; she has never read one word of the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris; she is not even serious. You think her beautiful? Tell me what colour her hair is. Do not shirk the question, and do not use euphemisms. Tell me in one monosyllable. You may possibly be right about her eyes. But take all the other features of her face—not one of them is perfect, or nearly perfect. Where, then, is the attraction? Do you think you can waste your whole life in laughter and lawn-tennis, at both of which I grant that she is good. And yet you go about with your head in the air, looking insufferably pleased with yourself because you believe that she cares about you. Indeed, you have told me in so many words that you believe Miranda *does* care about you. There is not a word of truth in it. It is impossible, because—you



THE MARKET AT BAYREUTH.



THE RYE-MEAL STALL: A CORNER OF THE MARKET, BAYREUTH.

source that I learned what had happened. His youngest son had been detected embezzling money from his employers. In consideration of the father's offer immediately to refund the amount stolen, they had consented to abstain from prosecution. It was to raise this sum that the old man was about to sacrifice his books. He told me he expected to get a better price for them through an auctioneer than by selling them to a bookseller. I knew, though, that his real reason for disposing of them in this way was his desire to be publicly connected with so unique a collection.

On the afternoon of the sale I called round at Northcote's house, and accompanied him and Mrs. Northcote to the auction-room. During the walk there we were a very silent party. In spite of the efforts of old Northcote, who put on a quite impossible swagger, and broke out from time to time (as from sheer lightness of heart) into snatches of music-hall ditties, we were all oppressed by a sense of impending calamity. The auction-room, a low, ill-ventilated place, littered with dirty straw, and pervaded by a smell of new furniture, was not calculated to raise our spirits. Mrs. Northcote was responsible for the selection of this place; she had frequently purchased low-priced second-hand furniture there. Her discovery that she invariably had the worst of the bargains had given her a high opinion of the selling powers of the auctioneer. The attendance was not of the character that Northcote had anticipated. He had

dreams. As each book had been put up, his mind had gone back to the day when he purchased it. Thus all his life, with the pathos and the vain sacrifice of it, had been brought home to him.

B. A. C.

BAYREUTH.

Bayreuth, to which "all" musical England has been tending during the past few days for the Wagner Festival, is a sunny old town of some 24,000 inhabitants. Its streets are long and straggling, and all day certain busy folk may be seen standing about carding long skeins of flax under the linden-trees. After one passes the open-air market, gorgeous with pumpkins and fruits spread out upon the ground, one comes to a quieter street with a more reticent look about the white shutters outside. It is the Richard Wagner Strasse. His house stands back in a tiny prim garden, with a broad little path leading up to the door. Over the door is a fresco—a sgraffito drawing by Kausse, they tell you in Bayreuth. And underneath it are the words, "Hier, wo mein Vahnen Frieden fand, Wahnfried sei dieses Haus von mir benannt." In his garden Wagner is buried, and the marigolds flitting around him seem to whisper that the music still rolls and the cello still murmurs of what he wove for them, down there in his Theatre.

must allow me to speak quite plainly—you are not worthy to be Miranda's door-mat.

Let me entreat you to turn over a new leaf. You positively must keep the promises which you make to me; you must not deceive me any more; you must give up smoking; you must give up Miranda.

Well—perhaps—on second thoughts, you need not give up Miranda.—Yours very sincerely, You.

Walmer Castle, the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, is at present occupied by Mrs. Codrington, daughter of Mr. W. H. Smith, and her family. The Lord Warden does not propose, it is stated, to take up his residence there before the autumn.

Census returns show that the Bishop of Bedford has under his charge, in the East London district of the metropolitan diocese, no fewer than 1,575,000 souls. In order to keep pace with the rapid increase of population, at least five new churches should be consecrated annually, this calculation being based upon the present inadequate provision. The Grocers' Company have just built and equipped a handsome church at Homerton for the district worked by the King's College School Mission, with the Rev. W. E. Andrews, a former curate of Portsea, as first vicar.

55 PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

FRY'S PURE Concentrated COCOA

This choice Cocoa is exceedingly Soluble and easily digested. It makes an agreeable thin drink, and is a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

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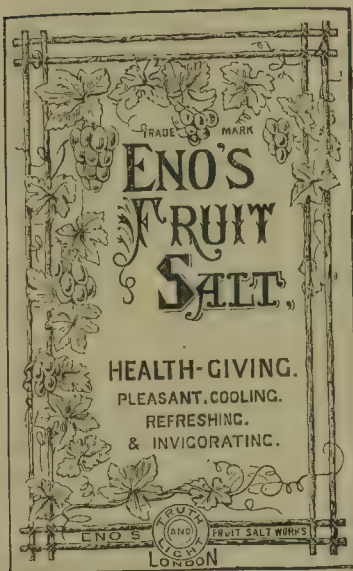
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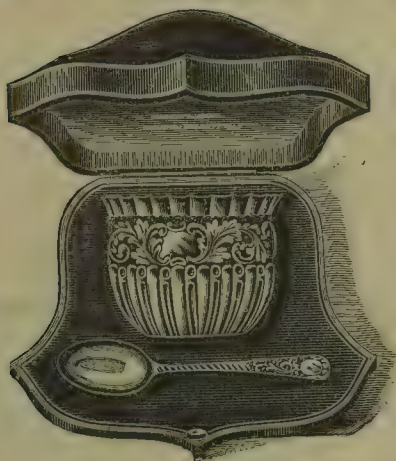
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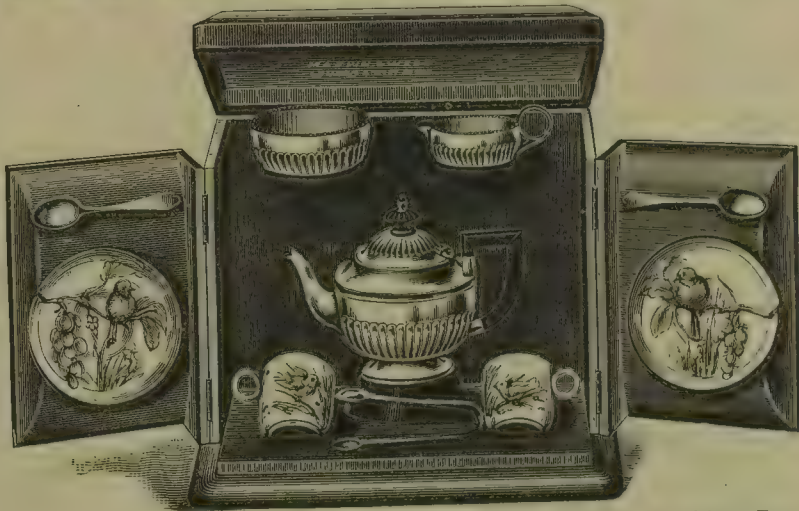
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Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.
 Complete in Case, Sterling Silver .. £11 11
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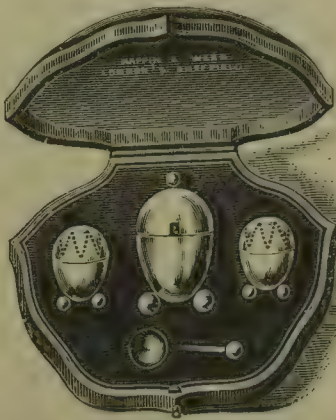
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 Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £1 11s. 6d. Solid Silver, £2 10s.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

Politicians and journalists are still very much exercised about the relations of Russia and France, and the result, if any, of the visit of the French Squadron to Cronstadt. The most important question, Is there an understanding or a treaty between them? remains unanswered, and is likely to remain unanswered for a long time to come. What is, however, certain is that the warm reception of the French sailors by the Russians has had a most extraordinary effect on the people of France, whose enthusiasm for everybody and everything Russian knows no bounds, and has gone to such length that a certain number of sober-minded people began to feel alarmed. They expressed their fears, somewhat timidly, in the two or three Parisian papers which take an enlightened view of foreign affairs; but the pro-Russian current was so strong that they have had to give up their well-meant attempts to bring their countrymen to a calmer state of mind. A Russian paper, the *Nord*, has, in its turn, stepped in and published two or three very interesting articles on the subject of the Franco-Russian relations. In one of these articles the semi-official organ says that "the feelings of cordiality and confidence expressed on the Neva are meant to last, and that they are to be preserved within the hearts of the two nations and not to be exhibited too often lest they should evaporate in cheers and hurrahs." The same paper, referring to the visit of the French Squadron to Portsmouth, expresses the opinion that it cannot efface the remembrance of the Cronstadt reception, which is not an event that can be forgotten; and adds that Russia can only witness with satisfaction an Anglo-French *rapprochement*, the result of which must tend to promote that general peace which all nations are anxious to secure.

It is to be noted, in connection with the wave of Russo-mania now sweeping over France, that there are signs that it will gradually cool down; but if the demonstrations are less frequent and noisy, the strong feeling of confidence of the French people in the friendship of Russia is deep-rooted, and likely to prove a lasting one.

The failure of the Russian crops is more serious than it was originally thought, and an Imperial Ukase has been issued prohibiting the export of rye, rye-meal, and every kind of bran from the Russian ports in the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, or over the western frontier, on and after Aug. 27. The result of this measure has been to cause a considerable rise in the price of rye in Berlin and throughout Germany, where rye is a most important article of consumption. Ninety per cent. of the foreign rye imported into Germany comes from Russia, and it is said there is no other country that can supply the demand. That the situation thus created by the failure of the Russian crops and the ukase of the Czar is a very serious one for Germany is acknowledged by all the Berlin papers, and the Radical organs are calling upon the Government to abolish the grain duties. But the authorities assert that the Russian supplies can be replaced by consignments from America, that the prohibition will not have the effect predicted by the Radical papers, and that there is no necessity to make a change in the commercial policy of Germany, at least for the present. This saving clause may be considered as an admission that the outlook is not so favourable as the official organs make out. In the meantime the price of rye is getting higher every day in the Berlin market.

In some quarters it has been assumed that the prohibition of the export of rye from Russia had some connection with

international politics; but it is officially denied in St. Petersburg that such is the case, and there is every reason to believe that the failure of the crops is only too true, for it will entail considerable misery on the Russian peasantry.

With the rise in the price of breadstuffs and the effect of the McKinley tariff, Germany is likely to experience a grave commercial and economic crisis before long. The further accounts sent to New York by the American correspondent who is now investigating the question in German manufacturing and commercial centres point to a considerable falling-off in the export trade of such places as Chemnitz, Plauen, Nuremberg, and Furth. In Breslau, on the contrary, the McKinley tariff seems to have had no effect on the local manufactures.

Brigandage in Turkey seems to be a lucrative profession. A few months ago, at a short distance from Constantinople, a railway train was stopped by bandits, who made prisoners of some of the passengers, whose release could only be obtained on payment of a heavy ransom. A similar outrage was committed a few days ago in the vicinity of the capital, when two Frenchmen owning a farm at Ormoudja were attacked in their own home by seven brigands, and one of them carried off by the robbers, whilst his companion was sent to Constantinople to procure his ransom, fixed at £15000. M. Ruffier, who reached Therapia on Aug. 9, immediately went to the French Ambassador, Count de Montebello, and explained the facts to him. M. de Montebello repaired to the Porte, and, in compliance with his demand, the Sultan advanced the amount of ransom of M. de Raymond, the other French farmer. The result of this will be to make the Sultan poorer and the brigands richer by £15000. As the Turkish Government dare not send troops in pursuit lest the brigands should murder their captives, Turkish bandits have plenty of time to make good their escape after receiving the money exacted from their victims and before they are pursued, and their profession is both lucrative and comparatively safe.

The crisis in China is getting more serious every day; for the Chinese Government, with true Celestial obstinacy, decline to give redress for the murders of European subjects and the destruction of their property. Great excitement prevails in European settlements in China, owing to the unyielding attitude of the Chinese Government, which has led to an increased tension in the relations between them and the representatives of the European Powers. Unless the Pekin Government become more reasonable, the only course left to the European Powers will be that to which allusion has been made before—a joint naval demonstration, and the taking of energetic measures to obtain redress from the obstinate Celestials.

Congresses are the order of the day. An International Geographical Congress has just been sitting at Berne, while London was made the meeting-place of the triennial Congress of Hygiene and Demography, and a Socialist Congress began its proceedings at Brussels on Aug. 16. The International Socialist Labour Congress, to give it its proper title, was held under the auspices of the Belgian Labour Party, and 363 delegates were present, of whom 188 were Belgians, 42 Germans, 11 Austrians, 60 French, 23 British, 6 American, 9 Dutch, 6 Swiss, and the others came from Poland, Roumania, Hungary, and Spain. Neither Russia nor Portugal was represented at the Brussels congress.

OBITUARY.

SIR THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, BART.

Sir Thomas Fairbairn, second Baronet of Ardwick, Manchester, J.P. and D.L., died on Aug. 12, in his sixty-ninth year. He was third son of Sir William Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S., corresponding member of the Institute of France, on whom, in recognition of his scientific eminence, a baronetcy was conferred in 1869. He married, on March 23, 1848, Allison, daughter of Mr. Thomas Callaway, of Chiselmurst, and had five sons and four daughters. His eldest son and successor, now Sir Arthur Henderson, present baronet, born in 1852, married, in 1882, Florence Frideswyde, daughter of Mr. Richard Penruddock Long, M.P., of Rood Ashton, Wilts. The youngest daughter of the late baronet is wife of Sir Archibald Lennox Napier, Bart.

SIR CHARLES OCHTERLONY, BART.

Sir Charles Metcalfe Ochterlony, Bart., of Ochterlony, Farshire, died at his residence, 12, Eildon Street, Edinburgh, on Aug. 11. He was born Dec. 21, 1817, the eldest son of the late Mr. Roderick Peregrine Ochterlony, of Delhi, by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Nelley, Bengal Engineers, and succeeded his kinsman, Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, G.C.B., by a special remainder, in 1825. He received his education at Edinburgh and at Haileybury College. In 1844 he married Sarah, elder daughter of Mr. William P. Tribe, of Liverpool, and is succeeded by his eldest surviving son, David Ferguson, now third baronet. Sir David was born in 1848, married Somerville, fourth daughter of Mr. Barron Grahame, of Morphee, and by her has three sons and three daughters.

THE HON. H. TYRWITT WILSON.

The Hon. Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, eldest son of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, Bart., by Emma Harriet, his wife, Baroness Berners in her own right, died on Aug. 9. He was born Aug. 7, 1854, formerly Lieutenant Grenadier Guards, and Equerry-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales since 1881. He assumed the surname of Wilson in lieu of Tyrwhitt in 1876, and served as High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1884. The Barony of Berners, a barony by writ, is one of great antiquity, dating from 1455, when Sir John Bouchier, K.G., was summoned to Parliament as Bouchier de Berners. It eventually fell into abeyance between the Wilsons and the Strangways, and the abeyance was terminated by King William IV, in favour of the late Mr. Robert Wilson of Ashwellthorpe and Diddington, whose niece is the present Baroness Berners.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Miss Robina F. Hardy, a well-known Scottish story writer. Miss Hardy was born in Edinburgh, where she spent most of her life. She was an earnest labourer among the poor in the Grassmarket, in connection with the work of Greyfriars Church. Her first story, "Jock Halliday, a Grassmarket Hero," was a striking success.

The Rev. Henry Griffith, in his eighty-first year. He was educated for the Congregational ministry at Coward College, since amalgamated with New College. For some years he was Principal of the Brecon Independent College.

WEDDING
AND OTHER PRESENTS.

MAPPIN BROTHERS.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

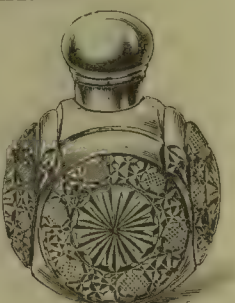
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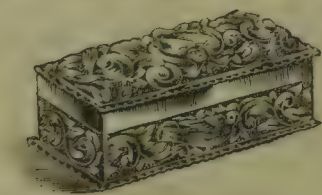
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Bottle, with Fine Cut Glass,
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Bonnet Whisk, 22s. 6d.Solid Silver Hall-marked Hair-Pin Box,
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Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.
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For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.
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THE SENIOR SURGEON,
St. John's Hospital for the Skin,
LONDON,
MR. JOHN L. MILTON,

IN HIS WORK ON

"THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," writes:—



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The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

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Special Attention given to shading colours in every arrangement.

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Our own Original Designs.
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.
The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent

Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

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very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 81s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s. The best value ever offered.

FOR GENTLEMEN, in Morocco, or in Hide Leather, Gladstone pattern, fitted complete, 42s., 63s., 84s., 105s.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It will doubtless strike many people very uncomfortably to learn that an organised attempt is being made to convert Christendom to the faith of Islam! Miss Katie Greenfield, about whom there has been so much trouble, only to be terminated by her free confession to the British Vice-Consul that she loved her Mohammedan husband and intended to adopt his faith herself, has drawn attention to the possibility, which at first sight seems so strange, of English female converts to Mohammedanism. It is, however, a fact that there is in Liverpool a community of English believers in the faith of Islam, women as well as men, whose avowed desire and intention is to convert their fellow-countrymen and women to that Eastern faith. There is even a British peer, a member of the House of Lords, who is an avowed Mussulman, and who has a household conducted in accordance with that faith out in the East. There he has a number of children; but his brother is recognised as his heir apparent by the English law.

It is not so incredible as might at first appear that women should be found willing to become Mohammedans, if all the statements made by a distinguished Mussulman, Rafi-ud-din Ahmad Moulvie, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, be accepted as correct. He writes with a full sense of responsibility, inasmuch as he is an English barrister; and he was recently commanded by her Majesty to Windsor Castle, where he had a long personal interview with the Empress of India, to inform her about the position of the vast number of Mohammedan women who live under her supreme sway. Mr. Moulvie told her Majesty, as he now repeats to the public, that the legal position of Mohammedan women is superior to that of their English sisters! He truly observes that we here believe that "nothing can exceed the misery of the condition of Moslem women; that their husbands are enjoined by their religion to confine them within the innermost cells of their houses, where care is taken to exclude light and air; and that, as soulless beings, they have no concern with the next world." He continues: "So far from thus degrading woman, Islam has elevated them to the highest position that they can reasonably claim."

He then states that the Mohammedan law compels a man to provide first by his will for his wife and daughters, only allowing him to dispose of one third of his property without considering the claims of the women of his family; in the remainder they have fixed rights. During marriage a Mohammedan husband has no power over his wife's property. A Mussulman wife retains in her husband's household all the rights of a responsible member of society. She can be sued and can receive property; she can enter into binding contracts even with her husband, and proceed against him in law if necessary. This law has been in force throughout the Moslem world for the last 1250 years. Marriage among Mohammedans can be formed by the mutual agreement of the parties with the testimony of two witnesses. Divorce equally can be brought about by mutual consent. The wife can divorce herself from her husband (apparently even against his wish) by giving up a sum of money, or she can obtain a divorce from a court for habitually cruel treatment, for being left by her husband without any means of subsistence, for frequent threats of bodily injury, and

even for being forced by her husband to do labour of a kind degrading to a woman in her social position.

Mrs. Carlyle, for instance, could have got a divorce when her husband compelled her to mend his "brecks" and to scrub the floors of their Scotch home, or to pathetically appeal to him (in writing, because he disregarded spoken requests) for a little extra money—because potatoes had risen in price, and the new servant would not eat scraps—as the poor lady had to do when living in London. For the Koran says, according to Mr. Moulvie, "Let him who has plenty expend proportionately in the maintenance of the mother and the nurse out of his plenty." And again, "A separate apartment for the wife's habitation is her due, the same as her maintenance; the Word of God appoints her a dwelling and a subsistence." "No law," adds Mr. Moulvie, "enjoins so much respect to mothers as the Mohammedan law. It goes so far as to say that when a son is able to maintain one parent or grandparent only, the mother or the grandmother has the preferential right." Mohammedan law also prefers the mother to the father in any dispute about the custody of young children, even making the custody of daughters and little sons pass, on the death of the mother, not to the father, but to the female relations of the mother.

This all sounds exceedingly fine, but one would like to hear from the lips of Mohammedan women themselves, without fear or bias, what they think of their own position and the manner in which the laws affecting them are administered practically. It is proper to observe that the cases of child-marriage, ill-usage of widows, and absolute seclusion of wives, of which we hear so often from India, occur in connection with the Hindoos and not with the Mohammedans. We are apt to confuse the faiths of India together, but the gulf between the Mohammedans and the Hindoos is wider than that between the two branches of the Christian faith in the North of Ireland. More than that cannot possibly be said.

So many women are severely prostrated by sea-sickness, even after the short voyage across the Channel, that I think it will be useful to tell my recent experience with cocaine. When I crossed the other day from Newhaven to Dieppe, I found that this new specific exercised a decidedly useful effect. My friend, who is usually ill, remained perfectly well, and even audaciously walked about the deck and ate sandwiches. I did not escape so completely; but, though I was slightly sick, I found that the extreme prostration, the faint misery which is the main element in the suffering, was entirely spared me. When the boat was moored in Dieppe harbour, and I stood up, instead of the giddy and helpless sensation usually following on the sea transit, I felt perfectly well.

However, I think that the effect would have been better had I used the cocaine in fluid form; the lozenges that I took were sweet and the flavour is sickly in itself. The lozenges have the counterbalancing advantage of being portable and easy to put in the mouth. I consumed six, one-tenth of a grain in each; my friend took only three. Cocaine is now much used in medicine, especially for throat affections. Hence all chemists keep it, and my readers undertaking a sea voyage will have no difficulty in procuring a supply. To lie down flat is very important in avoiding sea-sickness, and iced water or iced soda-water is the proper thing to drink. Champagne and brandy are recommended by experienced sufferers for long voyages, but are hardly needed in crossing the Channel. Moreover, if the cocaine keeps off for others as well as it did for me the horrid feeling of prostration and exhaustion, any stimulant is needless.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P., late of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, who died on May 18, intestate, were granted on Aug. 11 to Lady Emma Elizabeth Cavendish, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1888) of General Sir Archibald Little, G.C.B., Colonel of the 9th Lancers, of Upton House, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, who died on June 10, was proved on July 30 by Lord Sinclair, the nephew, and Mr. Henry Cosmo Orme Bonsor, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator gives his silver hunt cup to his son Major Archibald Cosmo Little; the remainder of his plate and plated goods to his son Captain Malcolm Orme Little; all his furniture and personal effects to his said son Archibald Cosmo; his property at Upton to his last-named son, in fee simple; and the property in Ireland or elsewhere, left to him by his late wife, to his said son Malcolm Orme. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children equally.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 2, 1889) of Mr. Hugh Kerr, sometime tobacco-merchant in Kentucky, afterwards residing in Liverpool, and late of Helensburgh, who died on Feb. 7, granted to John Anderson, Hugh Kerr Waddell, and Walter Williamson, the executors, was revealed in London on July 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £402,000.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1883), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1887), of Mr. Henry Arthur Brassey, J.P., D.L. M.P. for Sandwich 1868-85, late of Preston Hall, Ashford, Kent, and of Bath House, Piccadilly, who died on May 13, was proved on Aug. 8 by Lord Brassey and Albert Brassey, the brothers, and Robert Mitchell Campbell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,075,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road, Islington), St. George's Hospital, and the West Kent General Hospital; £500 each to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the British Lying-in Hospital (Endell Street), the Lock Hospital, the Royal National Hospital for Consumption (Ventnor), the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum (Bagshot), the Academy of Music for the Blind, the Central London Hospital for Diseases of the Throat and Ear, the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution (Walton-on-Thames), the Orphan Working School (Haverstock Hill), and the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children (Great Queen Street), for the Chichester and Arethusa; £50,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; £5000 to his cousin Thomas Storer Field; £5000, upon trust, for his cousin Mary Ann Oakley and her children; and £3000 to his brother-in-law George Newcombe Stevenson. He makes up his wife's income during life or widowhood, with what she will receive under the settlement he made on her at their marriage, to £8000 per annum, and in the event of her marrying again to £2000 per annum; and he gives her for life or widowhood his town residence with the contents, except plate, and plate to the value of £1000, and absolutely the consumable articles at his town residence, and his carriages, horses and trappings kept for town use. The Preston Hall Estate he devises so that his eldest son succeeds thereto, and he gives to his successor in the said estate

MISS JESSIE BOND,

the Popular Actress of the SAVOY THEATRE.—The following is a facsimile copy of her letter to Mr. C. B. HARNES, President of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., testifying to the marvellous curative efficacy of his Electropathic treatment—

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Theatre... even under
the best medical

advice - I have never
I think been stronger
or felt better than I
do do. Not with standing
recent - the cold, &
singing, playing &
dancing nightly. In
brief - I am -
thanking the Institute
very much.
Yours sincerely
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all the contents of Preston Hall and his farming stock and effects. The Copse Hill estate he devises in such manner that his second son succeeds thereto. The trust funds of all settlements over which he has a power of appointment he appoints, as to three sixths, to his son who shall succeed to the Preston Hall estate, and as to the other three sixths to his other sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to three sixths, to his successor in the Preston Hall estate; and as to the remaining three sixths, between his four sons then living.

The will (dated May 6, 1880) of Mr. George Woodcock, late of Coventry, solicitor, who died on May 18, was proved, at the Birmingham District Registry, on July 3, by Mrs. Caroline Woodcock, the widow, and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £113,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 4, 1891), of Mr. Thomas Cossar, M.D., of East Crays, Corstorphine, in the county of Edinburgh, who died on May 21, granted to Mrs. Isabella Russell or Cossar, the widow, James Adams Wensley, William Hitchcock, and James Auldjo Jamieson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £86,000.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1887) of Mr. John Sutherland, M.D., formerly of 41, Finchley New Road, Hampstead, and late of Oakleigh, Alleyne Park, Camberwell, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 6 by Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Sutherland, the widow, and Miss Marion Sutherland, the sister, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £54,000. The testator bequeaths to the trustees of the British

Museum the gold medal awarded to him by the French Government for his services on the International Sanitary Conference, 1851-2, while acting as a delegate for her Majesty's Government; all his London and North-Western Railway stock and £500 to his sister Mrs. Janet Hunter; over £6300 Consols and £3000 to his sister Marion Sutherland; and £3000 each to his nephew, William Murray, and his niece, Marion Arber. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1883) of Captain Alleyne Davison Bland, R.N., late of Hollowcombe, Sydenham, who died on July 18, was proved on Aug. 3 by George Davison Bland, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his sister, Mrs. Mary Weld, his niece Eleanor Bland, and his brothers Thomas, Philip, Frederick, and Ralph Milbank. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother George Davison Bland.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1885) of Mr. Richard Cowley Tyllier Blunt, retired Lieutenant R.N., late of the Marlborough Club, Pall Mall, and 3, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, who died on July 3, on board his yacht at Gosport, was proved on Aug. 10 by Major James Sidney Tyllier Blunt, the half-brother, and Richard Melville Beachcroft, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives an annuity of £350 to his half-sister, Mary Sophia Blunt; £3500 between the four daughters of Norman Cowley, charged on his Mile End New Town estate, and payable on the determination of certain leases; and a legacy to his executor, Mr. Beachcroft. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said half-brother, Major J. S. T. Blunt.

The will of Mr. Glegg Bullock, late of Whitminster Lodge,

Wheatonhurst, Gloucestershire, who died on May 2, at 7, Edith Road, West Kensington, was proved on July 31 by Horace Walker, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator devises all his real estate and gives all his works of art, pictures, books, plate, jewellery, furniture and household effects, and £5000, free of duty, to the said Horace Walker. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to and among his next of kin.

The will and codicil (both dated May 16, 1891) of Mr. Arthur Nicoll, formerly of Fir Lodge, Broomfield, near Chelmsford, and late of Cowleaze House, Hendon, Middlesex, who died on June 26, was proved on July 28 by Mrs. Eliza Nicoll, the widow, Arthur Henry Nicoll, and Alfred Marden Nicoll, the sons, and Hugh Frederick Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator gives his furniture (except his piano, which he gives to a granddaughter) and £500 to his wife; and legacies to a son, daughter, granddaughter, nieces, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, Eliza Mary Perkins, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will and codicil of Dame Jane Agnes Harington, late of 58, Eaton Place, Pimlico, and of 40, Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, who died on April 17, were proved on Aug. 4 by Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., and Mr. Charles Algernon Whitmore, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,904.

The will and codicil of Mr. Drury Wake, J.P., late of Pitsford, Northamptonshire, who died on April 22, were proved on July 31 by Sir Henry Ralph Fletcher-Vane, Bart., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,308.

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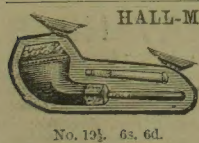
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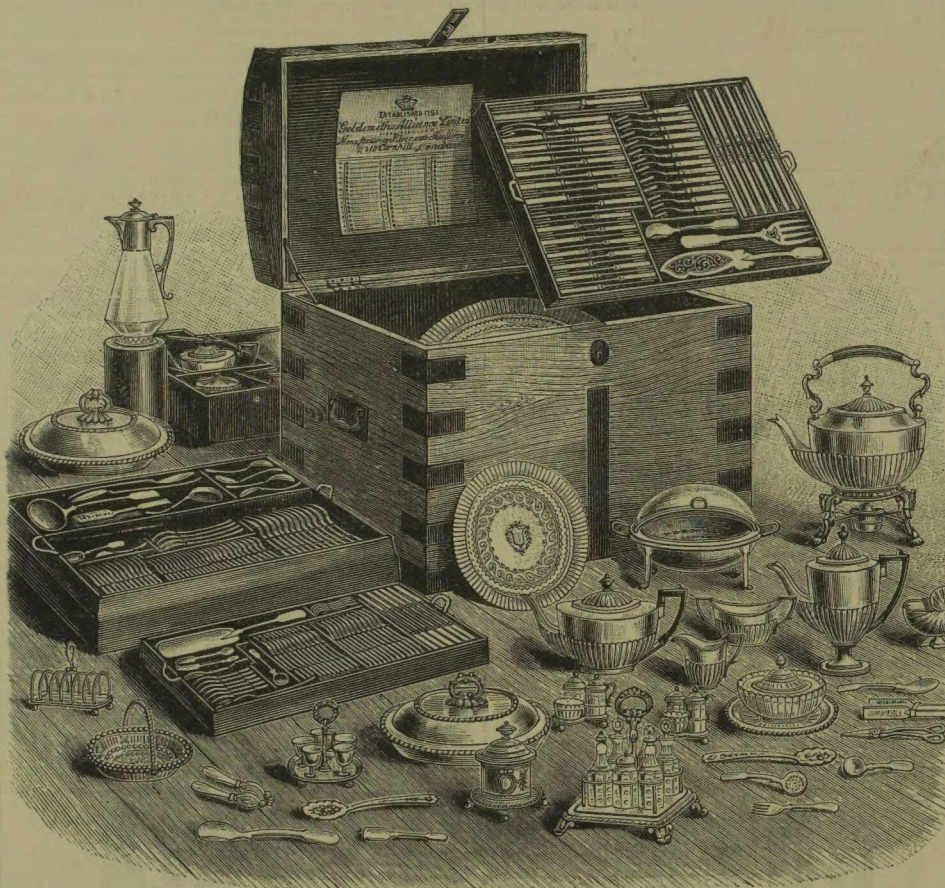


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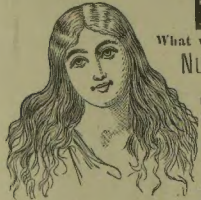
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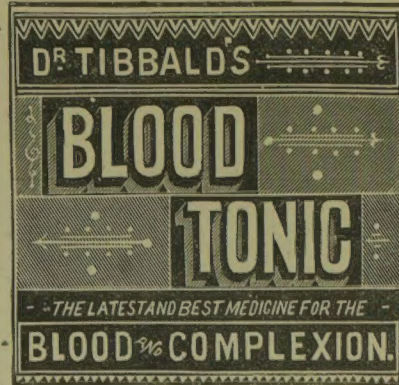
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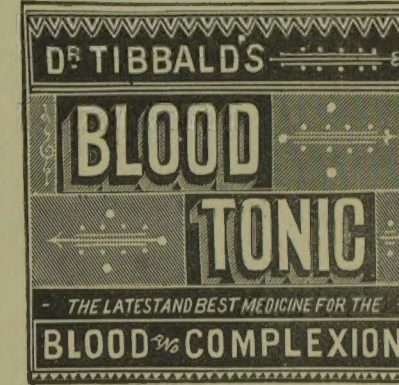
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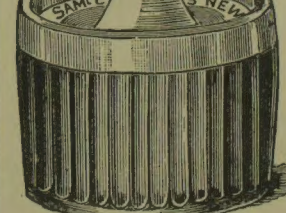
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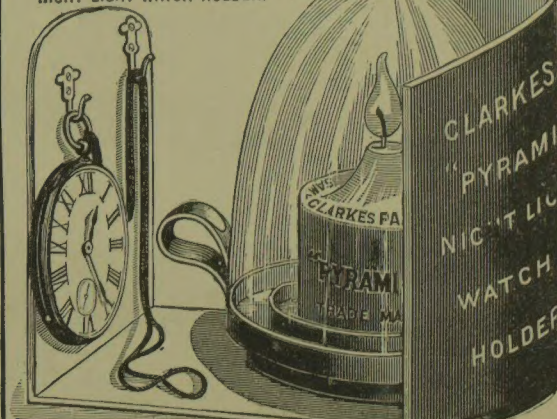
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